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LALLIE CHARLES,

H.R.H. PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE COUNTRYMAN . AND THE ARMY.

CAREFUL consideration of Mr. Haldane's scheme must lead to many reflections on the attitude which the country as distinct from the town presents to the Army. The case is fairly clear in regard to the upper classes. It is still a tradition in many families that the Army is a proper field for the energies of the younger sons, and even a place for the novitiate of him who succeeds. In that way alone a great deal of sympathy is maintained between the Army and the landed interest. In spite of all the changes, concerning which we hear so much lamentation, the young squire still commands the allegiance of tenants and labourers. During the late South African War those who had themselves any friends at the front still followed with social interest the careers of the young officers who had gone from the Hall. No doubt Mr. Haldane took special note of this fact and made it one of the hinges of his territorial system. Among the farmers the Yeomanry always has been the favourite service. It is true that much horse-play and fun has mingled with patriotic devotion. The motto of at least one county Yeomanry regiment is "Pro aris et focis," and the witty mistranslation "For the heirs and foxes" cleverly enough designates the mixture of patriotism and sport with which the Yeomanry ever has been regarded. Most of us know what Yeomanry Week in a country town means. It is a fine admixture of the freaks of

undergraduates and of the inhabitants of the barracks. Practical jests, a fair amount of hard drinking, some exercise and a good deal of dining out may be said to sum up Yeomanry Week. Yet beneath all this there ever has been a true devotion to the interests of the country. The country squire is one of the most patriotic of men, and the farmers have taken a pride in following his example. Those who have had some experience of the world and its ways will extend a tolerant eye to the mischievous freaks and extravagances in which the young men on such occasions indulge. Were they not healthy and high-blooded young animals they could not possibly be such excellent food for powder, in Sir John's good phrase.

It is when we descend to the ranks of the labourer that we find patriotism getting somewhat divorced from life. There was a time when all the best recruits of the English Army were drawn from the rural districts. Mr. Thomas Hardy has given us a picture perfectly true to life of the be-ribboned sergeant beating up recruits at a country fair. To take the King's shilling was the natural end of a carouse in old-fashioned Arcady. It was a proceeding that sometimes was regretted in the morning, for, to speak the truth, the parents, guardians and relatives of the young soldier often thought that in accepting this guerdon he had taken the first step to ruin. So in many cases he was bought out and returned to the ploughshare a sadder and a wiser man. But, on the other hand, in the old days of over-crowded villages, there were plenty of ne'er-do-wells and others who were only too glad to join the Service. On a memorable occasion Wellington characterised his recruits as a set of scoundrels who thoroughly deserved hanging, and no doubt this was to a great extent true. Yet the bold, ruffianly peasant, when he came into battle generally turned out to be a hard and stubborn soldier, who could hold his own with the mercenaries of any Continental state. Half a century of coddling and education have gone far to change all this. It may have been advisable for the benefit of the community to restrict the activities of the peasant, but one effect is notorious. We have changed him from being a rugged and vigorous rebel into a tame and quiet personage. Nor is this to be wondered at. The peasant of fifty years ago generally possessed a gun and used it. He was not so much restricted to the road as is his descendant of to-day; he had his dog also, and his pastimes were rough and what would be now considered brutal. His pride lay in the terrier that could kill its own weight in rats in as many minutes as it weighed pounds, that could draw the badger from the long soaped box, or hold its own with the wiry otter. He was still addicted to love of cock-fighting and even of dog-fighting. One of his favourite amusements was boxing, and some of the most brilliant pugilists came from the rural districts.

Our legislators set to work as if it was their deliberate intention to change all that. They prohibited the use of the gun and of the dog by imposing a licence upon their possessor. They abolished what were thought to be cruel and degrading sports, and, generally speaking, tried to humanise the rustic. At the same time other influences came into work. The pressure of population caused the landowners not only to fence in their possessions, but to put up placards intimating that trespassers would be prosecuted. We have had various educational measures passed, the effect of which is to compel boys to attend school regularly, to restrict their hours of play and even to occupy their leisure with the preparation of lessons for the next day. In consequence the rustic has lost a great deal of his old fire and force. He is tame and quiet. The recruiting sergeant of to-day does not find his best recruits at the country fair, but in the slums of the great towns, where the street urchin, after a little training, develops a devil-may-care bravery that has stood the country in good stead upon many critical occasions in South Africa and elsewhere. We cannot believe that this is a desirable state of things. The well-fed country boy must in the end become the better soldier, and Mr. Haldane is, we think, on the right line when endeavouring to weld all the various sections of society into a territorial army. It is not our place here to criticise or pronounce judgment upon the details of his scheme, but we are sure the rough outlines will commend themselves to all those who join to a love of country a love of the quiet rural places.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught. Her Royal Highness is the youngest daughter of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and her mother is a daughter of H.R.H. the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

SIR EDMUND VERNEY'S article on the Land in the current number of the *Independent Review* can scarcely be neglected, whatever may be thought of the politics of the writer. Incidentally, he analyses the composition of three executive councils: the county council, the district council, and the parish council. On the county council he finds the best business man, and these bodies do the best work. The district councils are mainly composed of farmers, and he thinks them somewhat lacking in enterprise. He proposes that all the latter should be paid, but this seems to be a very questionable suggestion. Of the parish councils, the most conspicuous feature is the difference in their methods and amount of work; some meet only four days in the year and find nothing to do, while others meet much oftener and then can scarcely find time to get through their business. Sir Edmund Verney is in favour of extending their duties and adding women councillors to all three bodies.

In regard to the land his practical proposals may be briefly summarised. A difficulty which he has found nearly insuperable in the formation of small holdings is that even the willing landowner is frequently "helplessly enmeshed in settlements, mortgages, charges and claims." Further, he thinks that a plot of ground ought to be sold "as cheaply and expeditiously as, let us say, a cow." Secondly, he would give facilities to an owner of an encumbered estate to get rid of his land. "A mortgaged estate is a curse to all who live on it." If the owner of an estate were enabled to sell his land, more land would from time to time be brought into the market. Of course all this sounds more or less like a re-echo of the Radical cries that were heard some twenty years ago, yet we cannot afford to neglect them. It is tolerably certain that something will be attempted by the present Parliament, and the business of those who know and respect the interests at stake is to see that the legislation is at once useful and honest.

Without in any way wishing to under-value the qualifications of Lord Rosebery to act as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, we cannot help thinking it a pity that he should be run against Lord Curzon. Lord Rosebery, as a matter of fact, has had a surfeit of University honours. He has delivered many speeches as Lord Rector at various times of several Scottish Universities, and has been generally accepted as the mouthpiece of what might be called Academic politics. Such positions he has filled most admirably, and it is not on account of any disqualification on his part that the nomination is opposed; but Lord Curzon, on the other hand, is not only a distinguished statesman, but a great traveller and an author of repute. He has been away from England so long and performed such distinguished service in India, that any honour accorded to him in this country ought not to be grudged. He would make an ideal Chancellor of the University, and we cannot help regretting that his choice is not to be a unanimous one.

It will be admitted that General Kuropatkin has added to his reputation by the very frank and complete account he has given of the shortcomings of the Russian army during the war with Japan. The first attribute of a great soldier, or, indeed, of a man great in any department of life, is that of looking facts

frankly in the face. It is an oft-quoted proverb that the way to success is paved with failure; but, in order that success should be reached, the failure should be fully recognised, and General Kuropatkin, in an interview recently published, has had no difficulty in showing that it was not from lack of patriotism that he spoke so frankly. He attributes the failure in Manchuria to the internal troubles from which Russia was suffering. After a long course of disaster, he considers that there were under his command "armies that were formidable and hardened in the field and were at last beginning to make war in earnest." There is, no doubt, something in this contention; but, on the other hand, the Japanese, too, had gained much experience, and it is by no means certain that, if the war had been continued, the disasters that had occurred to Russia in the early days would have been reversed.

THE FLOWER BOAT.

Down at the little pier with heave and toss
A steamboat lies;
And from her funnels smoke-wreaths trail across
The windy skies.

She waits her freight, and even now it comes,
The Spring's first yields,
Gathered this morn from island-valley homes
And sheltered fields.

With crate and basket piled the lumbering drays
Come rolling down,
And rattle on the tortuous cobbled ways
Within the town.

Upon the keen spray-laden air there swells
A distant boom;
And sea and earth commingle with the smells
Of flowers in bloom.

Along the little granite jetty all
Is toil and din
As, one by one, the treasures swing and fall
The hold within.

There to remain until on London ways
In radiant state
They tell of Spring which for an instant stays
Without the gate.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

Begging the question on a grand scale might be described as the pith of the speech of Baron Emile Beaumont d'Erlanger made at the ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the Channel Tunnel Company. He said the time was past when the English Government could say, or when the Committee of National Defence could say, that they were opposed to the scheme. His argument was that, as the Government had allowed the company to incur very heavy expenses, which, being interpreted, is the sum of £175,000 placed as a deposit, the time had passed for saying, "Withdraw your Bill or we shall oppose it." He did not think it would be fair for the Government to send round their whips and tellers to ask their supporters to vote against the second reading. This is all very well, but the Government might very well ask what encouragement they had given to the company to incur this expense? It is not an enterprise that commends itself to Englishmen, and the chairman, Baron d'Erlanger, though a popular and most welcome resident in this country, is in no way a native. It is to be hoped that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will have force and decision enough to take a definite course. This is a matter on which the country has a right to expect guidance from its leading statesmen.

An ingenious interviewer has been able to draw forth some interesting facts in regard to the pageant at Oxford. Up to a certain point the prospect seems rosy in the extreme. The pageant will cover the time between 727 A.D. and 1770. It will show the solemn crowning of Harold at Oxford before the arrival of William the Conqueror. It will give a living picture of Henry II. and the fair Rosamond of a century later. Friar Bacon will appear, and St. Scholastica's Day, 1354, will be celebrated by an imitation of the first town and gown riot on record. It was here that the most curious part of the revelation comes in. The questioner naturally assumed that real undergraduates would take part in the performance, but his informant had to admit that this would not be the case, as "the Vice-Chancellor has stated that he will not permit any undergraduate to take part in the pageant." For this, several reasons are given, such as, that it would interfere with work, with the preparations on the river and the cricket-field and with the training of the crews for Henley.

A still more curious admission had to be made. It seems that the University dons are not altogether favourable to the pageant. They object to be taught history "by means of dramatic

episodes and much ingenious mumming." This attitude may cause a considerable amount of inconvenience, as, of course, there would be many requests on the part of servants and others to take part in the pageant, and if the heads of colleges refused to grant permission the situation would be awkward. However, some of the dons have taken up the movement with something approaching enthusiasm. Professor Oman, Professor Raleigh and Mr. A. D. Godley are helping in the preparation. Miss Wordsworth is doing some of the dramatisation, and is a member of the consultative committee. The town, as might be expected, is extremely favourable to it. The Mayor is one of the chief supporters, but perhaps the town is not quite disinterested. These pageants, which are increasing in number, have an advertising as well as an historic interest. They attract a considerable number of visitors, and while they last are, no doubt, good for trade. But on this ground objection has been taken to some of them. At St. Albans, for instance, where another pageant is being prepared, it is said by some candid friends that the only result will be to take a great many people away from their legitimate employment and cause them to follow after visitors instead of attending to their daily callings. Pageantry, like nearly every other business, can be overdone.

When the record of the whole world is broken in any pastime the fact is worth chronicling. This occurred in billiards on Tuesday afternoon, when Reece in his game with Inman made a break of 1,269, of which 521 were cannons. The present writer very well remembers those three days in which that clever little player Peall kept on striking hazards from the spot and looking as though, like the Wandering Jew, he might go on for ever. But the feat was, practically speaking, the end of the spot stroke in billiards. Something of the same kind is likely to occur in regard to the so-called cradle stroke. Several professionals have mastered it since its invention by Lovejoy, and some amateurs even can make the stroke, as Lord de Grey has demonstrated. The result will probably be that further restrictions will be introduced into professional billiards, though we feel confident they will not be required by amateurs. Thus it appears as though a line of cleavage were about to be established between the amateur and the professional player.

During the lambing season there is generally some talk about the destruction accomplished by foxes, and in the Stoodleigh portion of the Tiverton country in Devonshire there is an agitation on the subject going on at the present time, as a considerable number of lambs have disappeared. The blame is laid on the fox, which is very carefully preserved in this hunting country. But it is more than likely the real culprit is a dog. Farmers have come to the conclusion that the fox is the thief because certain of the lambs have been discovered buried in an adjacent wood. The concealing of food, however, is as much a habit of the dog as of the fox. The only satisfactory solution of the difficulty will be for some of the young men about the farms to keep careful watch, and in that way they will be able to find out which animal it is that is doing the damage.

Parts of the Upper Tweed have recently been closed to the public, and it may be as well, before going on to more sentimental considerations, to recall the fact that the public have no legal rights in the matter, long usage notwithstanding. Bearing this in mind, it is permissible to hope that the privilege so long and generously accorded by landowners, and which provides so much healthy sport for the visitor, may yet be his if he will use and not abuse the hospitality shown him. And in the way of providing fishing for the public a very good precedent has been set on the upper reaches of the Clyde. There landowners, visitors and angling clubs have combined to form the Clyde Angling Protection Association, which at an incredibly small cost is turning in thousands of yearlings, conducting prosecutions against poachers and generally appealing to all anglers, whether members of the association or not, to aid them in keeping the Clyde one of the best rivers in Scotland. Now this is a public-spirited body, which recognises that fishermen owe something to the river which furnishes them with sport. Furthermore, that everyone takes more care of a thing which has cost them even a little; and finally, that when once landowners see that the anglers appreciate the hospitality shown them, and show their appreciation by dissociating themselves from the poacher and the "river hog," permission to fish is readily granted. Fishers on the Upper Tweed might with advantage study the methods of the Clyde Angling Protection Association.

The idea that fishing, whether for game or coarse fish, has only to be asked for when wanted, is one that dies hard even in South Country streams, where the cost of upkeep is immeasurably greater, considering the area, than that of a shoot. And in every stratum of society it is possible to find a man who, having

received a permit, often from a host who is a stranger to him, and which is only granted under certain conditions, straightway proceeds by way of acknowledgment to keep under-sized fish, to use unlawful lures and to fish fields which he has been warned are not included in the leave given, and so embroil the giver of permission in a quarrel with his neighbours. Every riparian owner has stories of this kind to tell; in fact, one has told us that his keepers have actually complained to him of the language addressed to them by total strangers for whose sport they had been working hard all day. Such conduct is not tolerated in the shooting man, why should it be in the case of an angler?

The executive of the South African Products Exhibition have taken the unusual course of offering facilities to children who wish to attend. They have not only done that, but are offering prizes for the best essays written descriptive of the various products exhibited. This, however, is an extremely wise and sensible step to take. If we look forward to the future of South Africa, it is obvious that it must to a great extent lie in the hands of those who are now at school. A visit to the exhibition on the part of boys and girls would serve the double purpose of familiarising them with the products that our colonists are able to send home, and of showing the nature of the career that is and will be open to emigrants. Nothing is more admirable than that the children of the home country should at an early period of their lives be taught to take an intelligent interest in the possibilities offered to our colonists.

THE WIND BLEW SOUTH.

The wind blew south, the wind blew south,
Giving welcome to all the flowers,
It met with Spring and kissed her mouth
And she smiled through the April showers.
The daffodil, Spring's fair daughter,
Tossing her head shouts with laughter.

The blackbird whistles "Spring has come,"
The cuckoo sings his mocking song,
The throstle 'midst the thorn-tree's bloom
Carols so sweet the whole day long.
The daffodil, Spring's fair daughter,
Tossing her head shouts with laughter.

The hyacinths a misty blue
Carpet over the woods have spread,
The orchis, of quaint purple hue,
From its sheath of green thrusts its head.
The daffodil, Spring's fair daughter,
Tossing her head shouts with laughter.

The wind blew west, the wind blew west,
And has kissed the sweet mouth of Spring,
She smiles, and, smiling, earth is blest
With a glorious blossoming.
The daffodil, Spring's fair daughter,
Tossing her head shouts with laughter.

CLARE E. CREED.

During the past winter the people in such places as the Kentish marshes and other low-lying localities of the same kind may often have been seen engaged on a necessary work for which many previous seasons have hardly given any opportunity—that is, the clearing away of reeds and other rough growth at the sides of the marsh dykes. A certain measure of this clearance is always possible independently of the character of the season; but there is often a portion of the growth low down by the water which it is not possible to reach except when the dykes are frozen hard and the cutter can go on the ice to get at his work. Advantage has been taken of the strength of the ice this year to effect a very thorough clearance, which, in certain cases, was very badly needed.

It is a singular and not a very pleasant comment on the effect of the purity in regard to certain of our rivers on the welfare of the fish in the waters, that since the diversion of the drainage of Dorchester from the river Frome the trout have strikingly decreased in size and condition. The inference is unavoidable that the trout have not only been feeding and flourishing on the impurities which have till recently been turned into the water by the town, but, in the absence of this feeding, they are unable to keep up their weight. It is a consideration which "gives to think" on more points than one of the question.

Evidence, of the negative kind, to the unusual severity of the winter may be noted in the conspicuous absence of the accounts of the early nesting of birds which are usually contributed abundantly to the papers by correspondents from different parts of the country. Until Christmas the weather was so mild that many kinds of birds were already pairing, but then the hard

winter came and for two months at least no further progress was made in their domestic affairs. It is noticeable, however, that all through the cold of the latter end of February, though the water was often frozen, the black swan continued to sit on its eggs in the nest at the upper end of the Serpentine water (near,

of course, Lancaster Gate). But of course we look on this as a remnant of original antipodal instinct, which leads it to believe that spring is here when our native birds well know it to be still in the future; and after all the black swan comes very nearly within the category of domestic poultry, and so hardly counts.

OLD WOMEN OF NORTH BRABANT.

THERE is a part of the Flemish land which is very little known. It is the region which stretches to the east and north-east of Antwerp, and embraces not merely the border districts of Belgium, but also the Dutch province of Brabant, which, in the days of the United Netherlands, was distinguished as North Brabant. Here frontiers and racial differences are equally invisible. Even the religion is the same, and the inhabitants on either side of the frontier, whether they are in Brabant, Antwerp or Limbourg, are engrossed in daily labours, which have little of the romantic. There is so little to attract in this region, that the most enquiring tourist, on reaching it, passes through as quickly as possible or, avoiding it altogether, turns aside. And yet it contains the same industrious communities, the same busy life among the people, as are to be found in the neighbouring provinces of either State. Nowhere else do the farmers labour more strenuously on their land, or the peat-gatherers toil for longer hours on the marshy moorlands like that of the great "Campine" or plain, or, for the matter of that, do the women spin more unweariedly at the wheel than is the case in the heart of old Brabant. There are many points of distinction between the inhabitants of this part of the Netherlands and their Dutch brethren. They are short and dark, and in features and costume more closely resemble their Belgian kinsmen to the south. As the Catholic religion is almost universal outside the few towns such as Breda and Tilburg, the sympathy between the neighbours is very marked, and on crossing the frontier, near Merxplas, for instance, from the Campine into North Brabant the difference is almost inappreciable. Nowhere does the phrase that the Dutch and Belgians are brother peoples seem to receive more ample confirmation than here. "Henri Conscience" and

"Pol de Mont" are as widely read by the Dutch Brabanters as by the Flemings at home.

While the goodman is among his herds or the hind is busy cutting peat from early dawn till the setting sun has passed away over the marshy wastes of the "Campine anversoise," useless save as a roving place for cattle, the women are busy at their spinning-wheels. The old women, the "oude vrouw" in particular, who have no longer the care of the family and household duties to discharge, monopolise the spinning-wheel, which forms the most prominent piece of furniture and in some sense the ornament, of every home. Very often in this part of Holland the houses are built of peat and clay sunk a little in the ground, and with rooms little over 5ft. in height. The race is a short one, but has become shorter by having contracted a permanent habit of stooping. Still, even in these cottages, which would be hovels but for their scrupulous cleanliness and state of good repair, there will always be found a spinning-wheel, substantially constructed and probably of as venerable an age as the busy spinner. All the linen of the house is made and embroidered at home, all the woollen clothes of men and women are spun there, and the bobbin is kept throbbing for the 300 working days in the year. For in this part of the Continent no one works on Sundays, and there are fête and saints' days, to say nothing of the carnival, which is as much a popular festival in this part of old Brabant as in Southern and sunnier lands. The carnival does not seem quite to harmonise with our old ideas of the austere character and ways of our Dutch neighbour; but then Brabant is, as they will tell you, a foreign land that is not yet emancipated from its traditions of Geneviève and Lohengrin.

The spinning-wheel goes all day long in the adept hands of



M. Emil Frechon.

"OUDE VROUW"

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the women of Brabant, for is it not a prevalent conviction that every Dutch woman—and the Flemings are their half-sisters—wears seven petticoats, and that every linen-press in the country contains linen for a century? But this is a toil that has been long converted into a pleasure. One of the most popular institutions in the social life of the province is the "spinning meal," which takes the place of the "five o'clock" in fashionable society. At this light repast, which will go on during the afternoon without being limited to any fixed hour, a currant cake of home make is handed round, and coffee stands ready for all comers in the great urn on the "komfoortje"—a stand generally of earthenware, but sometimes of metal, beneath which burns a lamp, or in Brabant more usually a small peat fire. Sometimes the smoke from the latter is rather disagreeable, but it does not seem to affect the natives; and the door is generally left open, so that visitors may enter without ceremony. Very often the friends will bring their own spinning-wheels with them, and it will be not at all unusual to see three old women spinning their hardest in the same cottage, and at the same time not less busily discussing the merits and demerits of their friends and

of the most aggressively Protestant Power in Europe for three centuries, is also remarkable, and has carried with it the preservation of many of the old Church festivals. One of the most popular of these is "Fast Evening" ("Vastenavond,") the night of Shrove Tuesday, when a special kind of bread, called "Worste-brod," is made and eaten. This is something more than ordinary bread, as, while it resembles outside a long loaf of what is called the tin-bread form, it contains inside sausage-meat, highly spiced. It is considered a great treat, but probably the outsider would prefer the ordinary currant loaf of the province, which is called by the people of Brabant "Boeren mik," and has been pronounced very good by those who have had the opportunity of tasting it. "Boeren mik" means farmer's make, and may be translated country bread. As these loaves are generally a yard in length, the ordinary cottage oven will not take them, so they are usually baked in the regular village bakehouse. There is a good deal of friendly intercourse across the frontier with the Belgians, in whose territory lie the chief places of pilgrimage for good Catholics in the Netherlands, such as Montaigu and Hasselt. At the latter of these places, where



M. Emil Frechon.

HER LIFELONG COMPANION.

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neighbours. Gossip not less than the currant cake forms the attraction of the "spinning meal." It is probable that these weekly meetings, which are held turn about among friends, are intended to serve a more useful purpose as instruction classes for the younger generations, and very often they are joined by some of the old men, who may have followed the trade of itinerant linen weavers before they got too old for the work. In Brabant the women dress much more plainly than in other parts of Holland. The woman's cap is of the usual national cut, but it is free of ornament. Lace and embroidery do not relieve its somewhat severe form or suggest the possession of even the most artless coquetry. Gold, silver, or even copper circlets are unknown, and very little jewellery is to be seen. The Dutch of the other provinces merely say, "What else could you expect in backward, barren Brabant?" It is the Cinderella of the provinces, the one plain duckling in the whole brood.

Yet these same Brabanters, shunned by the tourist from the absence of the picturesque in their surroundings, present many interesting features to the enquiring mind, and perhaps they are the least changed people in Europe from the time of the Middle Ages. Their fidelity to the Roman Church, while forming part

the celebrated fête of Virga Jesse is held once in ten years, there are more visitors from Dutch Brabant than from the rest of Belgium.

In old Brabant the pig plays almost as prominent a part as in Ireland or the Ardennes, and if it cannot be said that he pays the rent, it is only because there is no rent to pay. The land, partly perhaps because it was so poor, but chiefly because feudalism was uprooted at the time of the dissolution of the Burgundian Netherlands into North and South at the close of the sixteenth century, is the possession of the small farmers or peasant proprietors who till it, or, rather, some of it, for it is not a land of crops. In the small allotments attached to each cottage flax is grown more than vegetables, and out on the downs are the cattle which find a ready market in the towns, but which are not countryman's fare. But the pig is almost as much a housemate as he was in the Ireland of a past generation, and in the killing season he provides all that the Brabant household knows of meat for a long while. It is a general saying that the pig is the one animal of which every part supplies man with food; but the Brabanters go one better even than anyone else, for after all the joints have been apportioned,



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SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE WHEEL.

M. Emil Frechon.



M. Emil Frechon.

BUSY HANDS AND TONGUES.

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from the side of bacon to the pig's cheeks and trotters, and the black puddings ("bloedworst") made from the blood, the fat that has been strained into the dish is set aside and mixed with buckwheat, which forms a sort of breakfast porridge. This is eaten with treacle and is called "balkenbry." This is so highly esteemed that it is usual to send a portion of it as a present to

the schoolmaster or priest. How much longer the primitive life of the Dutch Brabanters will last is uncertain, for every year a greater number of them are seeking employment in the factories of Belgium and Germany, where wages are high and labour is scarce; but in any case the process of changing the ancient habits of those who stay at home must be slow. D. C. B.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SHORTHORN.

THERE has been an exceptionally keen demand for pedigree shorthorns during the last few years, and in 1906 the prices obtained for them were abnormally high; in fact, it is unlikely that any breeder of these fashionable cattle can remember such a remarkable all-round trade as was experienced in Great Britain during the past twelve months. The most noted breeders asked and, what is more to the point, obtained prices they would not have dreamed of ten years ago, and any good animals even from less fashionable herds reached a high figure, whether sold at public auction or by private treaty. The following are some

examples showing the exceptionally high prices realised during last year. At Mr. Duthie's sale eighteen bull calves sold at an average of £304 15s. At the dispersal sale of the late Mr. P. L.

Mills's herd, the bulls averaged £151, one animal alone fetching 1,000 guineas, and the cows and heifers averaged £158; the total average of the 115 animals sold at this sale was £155 18s. The highest price, however, for an individual animal was made by Mr. J. D. Willis, who sold his bull, who was champion at the Royal Agricultural Society of England's show at Derby, privately for £3,000.

The records of the Shorthorn Society of Great Britain and



A SHORTHORN BULL.

Ireland show the immense number of animals that have been exported during the year 1906, and the majority of these animals have been sent to South America, more especially to the Argentine Republic. Indeed, the great demand for them in that country is the principal cause of the boom in shorthorn cattle. One would imagine that in consequence of the severe drain on the herds of Great Britain, caused by the exportation of so many of their finest animals, a depreciation would be found in the quality of the stock to be seen at shows, sales and on breeders' farms; but, as a matter of fact, such is not the case. In spite of this increasing demand, the standard of excellence attained by the shorthorn breed is quite as high as, and perhaps higher than, it ever was before. Breeders find that it pays them better to devote a large portion of their time to the improvement of their cattle. As is the case with all stock, the mating of the parents and the rearing and the management of calves have a great deal to do with the fact that young bulls and heifers arrive at such a state of perfection as is only attained in England. If shorthorn-breeding were unprofitable, one would soon find that owners would turn their attention to some more lucrative branch of farming, and a deterioration in our herds would be the result. The demand, too, in foreign countries is for young animals in the pink of condition; therefore, it is rarely that the exporter will take out shorthorns over a certain age. In consequence of this the older cows and bulls are, generally speaking, left in the old country, and in many cases these latter are the parents of some of the best stock produced. It is an age of early maturity, and a bull or heifer of great excellence at two or three years old will often, after having attained a mature age, be surpassed by a stable companion who was probably inferior in appearance when a youngster. Thus many good animals are overlooked by the foreigner, and fortunately remain at home. These I believe to be some of the reasons for the continued supremacy of the British shorthorn; but I am convinced that, in the main, it is due to the common-sense of the British breeder. I will endeavour to explain my meaning. There is always a run on some particular tribe or branch of the great shorthorn family, whether it be Scotch, Booth, Bates or any other line of blood. The owners of the particular strain of cattle in favour for the time being reap a rich harvest, and are tempted to part with many of their best specimens. In this case what happens? Do the breeders of the other descriptions immediately sell out their own stock, and rush in trying to buy up and produce the popular strain? No! Knowing that such a policy as this would be fatal, they bide their time. Doubtless they look round to discover the reason why this particular branch of shorthorns is so sought after, and if they discover that it is due to the inferiority of their own strain of cattle in some particular point, although they will not openly acknowledge it, they endeavour to breed so as to make good any deficiency that may exist; and, as is nearly always the case, the swing of the pendulum in due course will bring the trade back to their own variety, which has thus indirectly benefited by its season of adversity.

But the most extraordinary example of the manner in which the British shorthorn-breeder looks ahead and endeavours to keep his stock to the front, is furnished by the breeders of pedigree dairy shorthorns. There can be no doubt that the highest prices in late years have been given for the most heavily fleshed animals procurable, and it seems absurd that, while there has been an almost unparalleled trade for this class of cattle, a minority of shorthorn men should have embarked on the breeding for milk and not for beef; but these are the reasons which made them calculate on a future for their cattle: (1) They knew that the continued production of animals bred to give the maximum of beef might sooner or later lead to the production of females which would only yield the minimum of milk, and no doubt to a great extent this has been the case in some herds. (2) The dairying industry has enormously increased of late years. The trade in dairy produce now in the United Kingdom is estimated at £70,000,000 sterling, annual value, of which £30,000,000 is imported from abroad, and in consequence of the latter fact dairy cattle are wanted for exportation. (3) Dairy farmers in England were at a loss to know where to procure registered shorthorn bulls from cows of a milking strain. They had bred for several years pedigree shorthorns which could yield a plentiful supply of milk, and which were at the same time capable of laying on flesh when dry, and the next step for them was to prove to home and to foreign dairymen that such was the

case, for although the milk supply of all our large centres of population in England is mainly obtained from shorthorn cows (not necessarily registered), or their crosses, until lately, I venture to say, few, if any, foreign breeders of dairy cattle had any idea that such was the case, the shorthorn being regarded abroad as a beef breed only. In 1905, therefore, owners of dairy shorthorns eligible for "Coates's Herd Book" formed themselves into an association for this purpose. As a first step prizes were voted to various shows for shorthorn cows and heifers eligible for "Coates's Herd Book," but only animals that yielded a stipulated quantity of milk when milked in the show-ring in the presence of the judge were to be awarded these prizes.

The Shorthorn Society of Great Britain and Ireland recognised that the new association was formed in the interests of the breed generally, and agreed to offer that portion of their prize-money which had been devoted for some years towards the encouragement of dairy shorthorns, on similar terms, in the future to those of the Dairy Shorthorn Association. They also adopted the standard of quantity laid down by that body. The result of the establishment of these prizes has astonished breeders, many of whom at first thought that the standard quantity of milk to be given by cows qualifying for these prizes was fixed too high. In every case, however, cows were found which yielded sufficient milk to obtain the association's prizes, and in nearly every case those given by the Shorthorn Society; in several cases the minimum quantity was largely exceeded. The trade for dairy shorthorns (eligible for "Coates's Herd Book") for home and abroad has greatly increased since the formation of the association, and there is no doubt that breeders of what I may term the beef type are devoting more attention to the milking capabilities of their cows.



MATERNAL DUTIES.

In conclusion, I would point out that the state of the shorthorn was never sounder than it is at the present time. Not only is trade good, but there is not the jealousy existing between advocates of the various tribes that there was years ago. Owners recognise that they are all working for one common object, if on different lines, viz., to maintain the supremacy of the most cosmopolitan of all the breeds of British cattle.

F. N. WEBB.

FROM THE FARMS.

THE LAMBING SEASON.

IN the case of Down sheep the lambing season is getting almost over. It has not been one of the best on record. In the first place, the winter keep was not bountiful, and, in the second, the weather has been anything but favourable, although the experience this year has proved what was known before, viz., that a hard frost is not so injurious as continuous rain. In some flocks abortion in the early part of the year was too frequent, and the question as to how far it is contagious has given rise to a good deal of controversy. In the later accounts, fortunately, there is little to say about it; yet it is evident that something has been unfavourable to the welfare of the ewes during the mating and the lambing season, as it is noticed in several flocks that the number of lambs born dead is very much larger than usual. Even where the lambs are born alive they have scarcely shown as much spirit and liveliness as usual. These remarks apply to Southdowns, Oxford Downs, Hampshire Downs and Suffolks. The earliest lambing of all, namely, that of the Dorset Horns, appear to have been much

better. It is worthy of note that the reports from the later lambing districts have been better than those from the earlier, although they have experienced much more unkindly meteorological conditions. Those who reckon on getting very early lambs will probably find that the season has been an unsatisfactory one, as not only did the produce from the ewes fall short of the average, but the wild weather experienced since lambing took place has greatly retarded progress on the part of the lambs. As far as can be judged the season can scarcely be described as an average one.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of this body the president, Mr. R. W. Hudson, had a satisfactory report to give. The membership now numbers 3,794, and the balance of profit on the year was £562 13s. 3d. He described the result as being reached entirely on the working of the society, and altogether independently of the subscriptions of members. Subscriptions, indeed, are devoted to the provision of prizes and bonuses for the encouragement of Shire-breeding. He deplored the fact that

their assets, as compared with their liabilities, showed an improvement of £247 only, "a position which indicated a deplorable condition of the national securities in which the society's funds were invested." He had to report, however, that the export of Shire horses in 1906 was more than double that in 1905, and he looked forward to a great expansion of the export trade. He was hopeful, also, about the passing away of the depression which has lain over the Shire horse-breeding for eighteen months or two years. Results of recent sales seem to show that the clouds are lifting. How much the Shire Horse Society is prized is shown by the fact that for the election of ten members to the council no fewer than 1,235 papers had been handed in. After seventy-two had been disqualified for informalities, those elected, given in alphabetical order, are Lord Calthorpe, Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis, Mr. A. C. Duncombe, Mr. J. T. C. Eadie, Mr. James Gould, Mr. Clement Keevil, Mr. F. E. Muntz, Mr. Leopold Salamons, Mr. R. N. Sutton-Nelthorpe and Mr. Joseph Topham, with Mr. W. H. Potter as reserve.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TANKARD.—II.

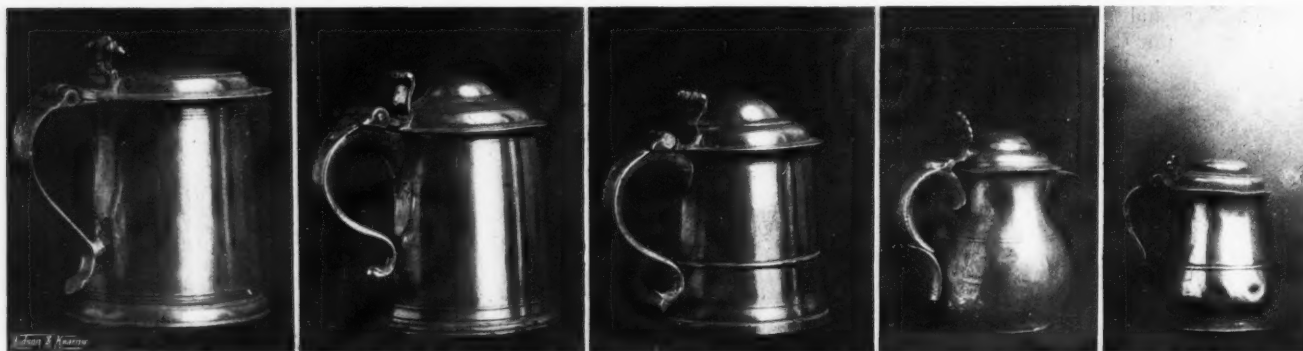
AS if to celebrate the Restoration, perhaps to quench the lurking thirst of Commonwealth years, the tankard, elastic of conscience and politics, swelled to royal proportions at the accession of Charles II. to the unoccupied throne. And (let us say), to further accentuate the event, pegs were introduced in the drum, at perpendicular distances, from bottom to lid, as a sporting stimulus to the drinker's thirst and capacity. If the expression 'wetting your whistle' has no authentic connection with the tankard-handle sometimes provisioned with a whistle as a means of calling for more drink, 'drinking to the pin' was the colloquial phrase used in connection with the afore-mentioned pegs. The primary object of the 'peg' or 'pin' was doubtless to mark different measures: gill, half-pint, quart and so on; also to indicate the limit of each drinker's draft. Tankards were not as numerous as customers in those bibulous days, and a means of surmounting the difficulty probably suggested the use of the peg. As early as the sixteenth century we find in Nash's 'Pierse Penilesse, his Supplication to the Divell,' mention of the pin or peg. Two centuries later it was still in use, if we may take the authority of an anonymous author (1796): 'the first person was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin; the second . . . to the second, etc.' Longfellow in his 'Golden Legend' refers to the peg:

Come old fellow, drink down to your peg!
But do not drink any further, I beg!

and it is within the reach of legitimate imagination to believe that what began as a necessity brought into existence little coterie of sympathetic spirits, banded together for cheery intercourse, during which they further cemented their friendship by

gulp was acquired! This attained, the difficulty overcome, bet must perforce have become the order of the day, or, rather, of the peg, among the 'proficients,' and the ever-increasing number of amateurs were left to the subtle stimulus of their failures. Between the two, an exuberant tide of indulgence set in, and the memory of puritan austerity was drowned in vinous reaction. But let it not be understood that the 'peg,' or 'pin,' was an invention or discovery of the Restoration. Its origin, at least in England, dates back to the tenth century, when King Edgar ordered that pegs should be fastened to drinking-horns at stated distances. His object, however, was a restrictive one, and whoever drank beyond his peg was 'obnoxious to a severe punishment.' The peg-tankard never attained to general use permanently. Its obvious disadvantages doomed it to a temporary vogue, and the introduction of more numerous drinking vessels, in differing measures, made of those that survived the melting-pot specimens of ancient usage. I have never seen a pewter peg-tankard; nor have I been able to discover any reference to one in records or inventories of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, but it is safe to believe that they did exist. Frequent mention of 'peg-tankards' is to be found, and as pewter was in common use during both centuries, it is natural to suppose that they did exist in that metal, and possibly in numbers. Previous to the Restoration 'pegs' were probably to be found in the wooden tankards then in use, but not in the Black Jack, as they would have introduced a danger of leakage. But we may put aside both these mediæval vessels, for the reason that pewter had, to a great extent, superseded both at the Restoration.

The Charles II. tankard died hard, or at least in part; and we find as late as George II. the seventeenth century



1680.

1690.

1710.

1760.

1750.

RECORDS IN PEWTER.

toasting from the same bowl. Round-robins of wine and good fellowship! Little harmonies of socialism and intemperance! It was not long before the sporting instinct crept in (to the tankard), and experiments as to how many pegs could be reached at a single gulp became a popular pastime. With increasing skill and adventure, came the refinement of attempting to measure the different distances by varying the amount imbibed.

Fuller in his Church History (1655) mentions the command that "Priests should not go to Publick Drinkings, *nec ad pinnas bibant*, nor drink at Pins." This was a Dutch trick . . . of Artificial Drunkenness, out of a Cup marked with certain Pins, and he accounted the Man, who could nick the Pin, drinking even unto it.' How frequent (and satisfying) must have been the initial failures, how much liquid consumed in corrective attempts, how tickled the palate before the precise accuracy of

drum still adhered to, with the occasional difference of a higher, more important base, and a delicate fillet encompassing the lower portion of the body of the tankard. This surrounding fillet had the subtle effect of clothing the drum, which otherwise presented a somewhat naked appearance. It, furthermore, prepared the eye for the domed lid, with its repeated mouldings, which superseded the flat top. The greatest loss, at least in delicacy, in the departure from the Charles cover, was the disappearance of the little front extension to the (if I may use the expression, the more definitely to locate it) brim of the lid. In my previous paper on this subject, I called attention to the subtle part which this diminutive projection played in the balance and proportion of the entire vessel; and I may here add that although the little member was often of conventional design, many exceptions are to be found which allow

a more intimate range of the pewterer's mood and mind. This was also the case, but to a more elaborate extent, in the thumb-piece. The handle, which during the seventeenth century formed only a necessary part of the vessel, and was remarkable only for its perfect relation to drum, lid and thumb-piece, expanded to sweeping dimensions during the succeeding century. The development, if unsuccessful, was at least interesting as an illustration of the inevitable disintegration which takes place when any part of a perfectly composed object is disturbed by accident or by intention. With the dome-top, and the increase of elevation it supplied, there was a certain balance which diminished the vagary and size of the sweeping handle; but associated with the distinguished flat-lid, it became in its exaggerated form a *mésalliance* of singular inspiration. I give an example, better to illustrate the incompatible union. I never saw a combination bring out more mercilessly the unassimilable individuality of each component part. The distinguished drum (with back turned) seems to have pulled its flat cap still lower over its brow, in protest; the plebeian handle recoils, as if ashamed of the association. When these flowing handles assumed massive proportions, and the strain, particularly in the case of a soft metal like pewter, grew beyond the endurance of the drum, it was found necessary to compose them with a hollow interior, in order to reduce their excessive weight. The difficulty was, how to achieve this result. After many experiments the method was discovered, and in a very simple and effective way. The casting of pewter in ancient days was by means of metal moulds. As a rule these were made very hot, but when the object was to effect a hollow interior, the mould was used almost cold, in order to harden quickly the outer shell of the handle. In casting by this process, the caster would pour into the shaped mould the molten pewter, and as quickly sling out the central fluid, which was thus not given time to solidify. The result was that the metal nearest to the mould, cooling quickly, remained, forming the massive handle, while the core, which had shot its bolt, was tunnelled from end to end. The entire process took but one minute's

time; and it must have been a neat sight to watch the clever twist of wrist which sent the silver jet flying through the half light. The larger the handle, the more deliberate was the process; and in these cases the mould, when filled from the 'get,' or opening, was simply reversed, and the still molten metal poured its way quietly back into the ladle. It was a simple process, simple as were many of the modes and means of ancient times. And what is still more remarkable, is the fact that the process prevails to this day. The pewter tankard, long ago relegated to disuse; the ingenious device suggested by its flowing handle, still undisturbed by modern invention! There is something of an old-world peace in the thought, in the momentary belief of a return of ancient methods, an unlooked-for reassurance in



WORTHY OF STUDY.

this unexpected asset of perished days. And so the return tide of survival, rehabilitation, goes on increasing, harvesting as it runs.

I see before me, indistinctly, in the flicker of dying embers, a row of tankards, flagons, cups, silently gathering value with their accumulating years. From kitchen-dresser to cabinet, after centuries of neglect! There is a note of humour in the transposition . . . of quiet revenge! ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLES?

ALTHOUGH every spring a goodly number of young eagles are undoubtedly reared in our Scottish deer-forests, yet there is no appreciable increase in their numbers, and one wonders what eventually becomes of the eaglets which are launched into the world in early July. I had a talk on the subject with the late Sir Allan Mackenzie just before his death, and he was of opinion that the golden eagles drove off their young when able to shift for themselves, and that these latter left the country. I think this is very probably the case, as a pair of eagles range over an immense tract of ground, and would not tolerate a second pair in their domain. Also the golden eagle's safe nesting-grounds are, when one comes to think of it, comparatively few, as a grouse moor is a very risky place for them to haunt, although they have strict protection according to law. Still, the keeper on the grouse moor is not at all adverse to breaking the law in a case of this kind, and would gladly bring down the pair could he possibly manage it. Now on a moor poorly stocked with grouse a pair of eagles would, undoubtedly, do a lot of harm in the course of a year, but, as a rule, they go to the best-stocked moors, and as they do not keep to the same ground, but haunt several mountain ranges, the amount of harm done is comparatively slight, for it must be taken into account that the birds will go for a wounded or weak grouse in preference to one which is strong and healthy. A short time ago, while walking along the road connecting Speyside with the valley of the Don, I saw a grouse fly across from one hill to another and alight within a few yards of where an eagle had evidently been resting. The king of birds strongly resented the intruder's presence, and went for him without delay. It is well known that when near the ground the eagle is a clumsy bird in comparison with his feats of wing when high up on a windy day, and this particular eagle missed the grouse completely, which flew off at top speed, while its would-be captor seemed to strike heavily against the hillside. This evidently greatly annoyed him, and he gradually rose in circles to a good height, when his mate was seen coming up rapidly to meet him. Although a strong wind was blowing against her, she came along in grand style with never a movement of her wings, which were held well back to offer less resistance to the wind. It is truly remarkable how soon the grouse discover that an eagle is in the neighbourhood, and even when only a tiny speck in the sky is visible they immediately cease calling, and a deathly silence falls on the hillside for a time. When, however, the eagle has got nearer, the grouse rise from the heather where they have been hiding and, flying aimlessly in all directions, show ample signs of their great terror.

A BELATED GROUSE EGG.

Latterly, when on the hills, I came across a last year's grouse egg in a splendid state of preservation. Although a severe snow blizzard had just been experienced the egg was quite fresh-looking, and the spots and blotches had hardly faded at all. A hoodie had probably brought it to the stone near which it was lying, as the marks of his bill were plainly visible on the shell, and another broken egg in the vicinity made it plain that this spot was his favourite feeding-ground. He had probably been scared off before he had time to enjoy his prize, and had not returned again. The yolk of the egg was still liquid, but, fortunately for the finder, had passed the stage of giving off an offensive smell.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

On Saturday evening, February 9th, a display of Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, unequalled in brilliance during the past half century at least, was witnessed in Aberdeenshire, and, in fact, throughout the whole of Scotland. Known to the natives as the "Red Dancers," these lights usually foretell a spell of stormy weather, or, according to an old tradition, the death of some distinguished person. The last occasion a brilliant display was seen was in September, 1898, immediately before the assassination of the Empress of Austria, and at the time it was remarked upon as justifying the ancient superstition. As a rule, the lights are confined to the northern part of the heavens, but during the recent display the rays stretched from north to south, and from east to west. Even before dark I noticed a strong yellowish glare to the north-east, and when darkness had fallen the display was so dazzling that it was possible to see to read a letter, although there was no moon at the time. The lights were at their best between 10 p.m. and 11 p.m., and then the heavens were covered by brilliant waving streamers of light. At times it was as though a gigantic rocket had exploded overhead, or a search-light were being flashed across the sky. To the south the rays were constantly waving, as though an immense ribbon of light were fluttering in a breeze, while to the north-east were two or three steady rays, which at first were of a brownish tinge, but gradually changed to a dark red; these rays, however, kept completely to themselves, and nowhere else was this colour seen. Northwards was a steady glare, as though an immense lamp were shining just below the horizon, and from this glare numberless rays stood out steadily in the sky. In some places the light was yellow, in others green; but the most awe-inspiring phenomena were the red rays keeping practically stationary in the north-east, and seemingly keeping aloof from their fellows. Shortly after eleven the lights gradually died out, and soon the sky was in darkness, except for the starlight.

SETON P. GORTON.

MASTIFFS AT HAZLEMERE PARK.



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THE KENNELS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

TO be a genuine lover of animals, and to be able to effect an improvement in the breed of those which appeal most to one's fancy, is to add a fresh and lasting source of enjoyment to life. No one can visit Mr. R. Leadbetter at Hazlemere Park without recognising his devotion to animals, nor can one look round his splendid kennels of mastiffs without feeling that in his hands this ancient breed of noble dogs is being brought to a very high pitch of perfection. Those who are in the habit of going to the various dog shows will remember the magnificent specimens of Great Danes from this kennel, and will doubtless have also had frequent opportunities for admiring the power and symmetry of the mastiffs which have brought both fame and trophies to the same establishment. Here is a list of champions of which any breeder in the world might well be proud: Marksman, Elgiva, Black Antony (the heaviest mastiff on record), Marcella, Ha Ha, Holland's Black Boy, Czar Peter, Clarice, Archie Hazlemere (never beaten on the show bench) and Bess of Widmere. To the name of each of these the prefix

spacious, warm, well ventilated and comfortable, and, above all, cleanliness reigns supreme. If a stud groom plays an important part in the economy of a horse-breeding establishment, a rôle of no less importance is filled by the head-kennelman in a place



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RONALD.

"C.L."

of champion belongs, and in every instance the title has been well earned.

It may be said that the kennel buildings at Hazlemere are in every sense of the word "model kennels." They are



Copyright.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

"C.L."

where dogs are bred or hounds are kept. The fact that Thomas Gardner has been in charge of these kennels for a period of twenty-five years speaks volumes for his capability, and for his knowledge of breeding dogs and preparing them for the show bench. At all events, the system and routine of feeding, exercising and general management of the hounds are such that illness is practically unknown, and that the animals are invariably sent out in good coat, firm of flesh and full of muscle and vitality.

Hard to beat indeed as a typical mastiff is Archie Hazlemere, of whom such an excellent portrait accompanies these notes, and there is not much room for finding fault with his elder brother, Czar Peter, who, by the way, has one of the grandest mastiff heads that one could hope to see. Between them these two brothers have won ten championships and about eighty first and special prizes. Among these are two Cardinal Challenge Cups, three Beaufort Challenge Cups, while on six occasions one or the other of them has been returned the winner of the Forty Guinea Challenge Cup. Both of these dogs have done well at the stud, a remarkably fine specimen of the stock got by the Champion

Archie Hazlemere being Ronald Widmere, whelped in September, 1904, his dam Lady Winifred. This is a grand young mastiff of great size—the biggest, in fact, now being shown; he has plenty of bone, good feet and legs and powerful loins. His head is almost classical in its correctness and well-placed "wrinkle"; his ears are small and well carried, and the deep, square muzzle and characteristic expression complete the attributes of a true mastiff head. Five first prizes and one championship have already been awarded to him, and it is safe to prophesy that many other honours will fall to his lot. Own sister to this grand young dog is Champion—or should one say Championess—Bess of Widmere. It would be hard to criticise this bitch adversely; indeed, hitherto the judges before whom she has appeared have found no fault in her. She has never yet met her superior in the show-ring, and has carried off three championships, twelve first prizes, the Beaufort Challenge Cup and the Forty Guinea Challenge Cup. Perhaps, from a purely technical point of view, it is a mistake to give an illustration, in an article of this sort, of a dog with his mouth open, because when in this position the characteristic lines of the jaw and muzzle cannot be readily observed and criticised. But our artist has, I think, been well advised in giving us the picture of Czar Peter's head, for the reason that few "laymen" have any real idea of the tremendous power and expanse of a mastiff's jaw and mouth, which are so clearly shown in this illustration.

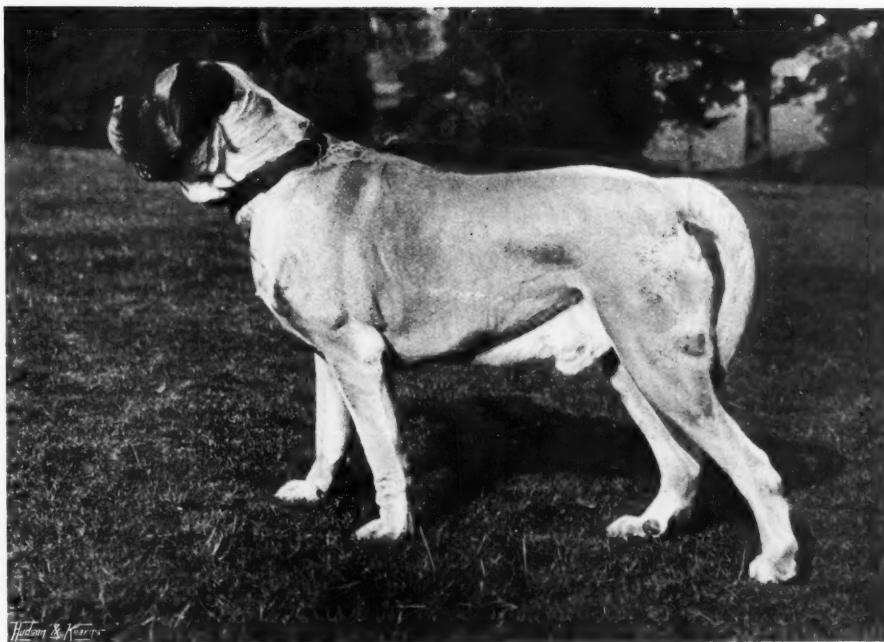
By Cadet out of Cynesca, Champion Clarice has won more than a hundred first and special prizes, including the Cardinal Challenge Cup and the Rathmore Challenge Cup. Very level, full of quality and with marked individuality of expression, she is a worthy recipient of all the honours which have been so freely bestowed upon her. So far we have described some of the inmates of the kennels who have well maintained the reputation of their house in the various contests in which they have taken part; but of even greater interest are the puppies in the litter whelped some ten months ago by Prince Sonderberg out of a bitch by Champion Archie Hazlemere. Their sire, it may be noted, traces back to the famous Champion Crown Prince, a dog at whose appearance, by the way, the mastiff world was thrown into convulsions some years ago. But all that happened long ago, and of these puppies it may be said that, if breeding and appearances go for anything, there should be at least two future champions among them.

With regard to the origin of the breed of mastiffs, there is but little doubt that they are descended from an ancient and purely British breed of dogs. When the Roman Legion invaded and conquered Britain, or at least the greater portion of it, not a few of their captives were taken to Rome to swell the conqueror's triumph and to make their last fight for their lives.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides,
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides.
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the World and its Lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath.

In that same arena there figured at times some of the huge, powerful and resolute hounds or dogs which the Romans had found in the possession of the natives of the conquered country, and, as far as can be ascertained, these dogs were individual specimens of the race from which the



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CHAMPION ARCHIE HAZLEMERE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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OVERWHELMING AFFECTION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

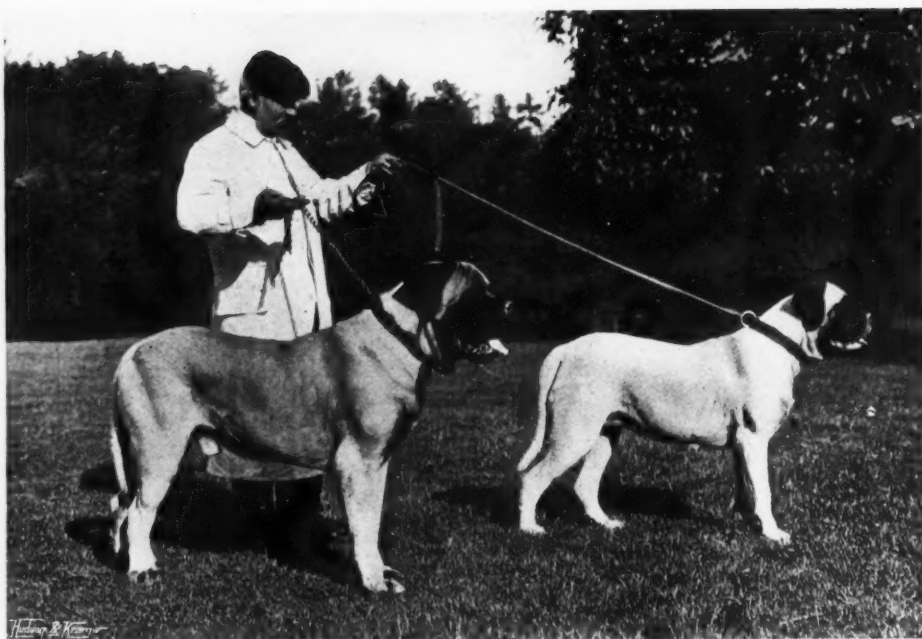


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CZAR PETER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mastiff of to-day derives his size, courage and sagacity. There is considerable doubt as to the etymology of the word mastiff, but the writer is inclined to accept its derivation from the old French word Mastin, better known perhaps under the form of Mâtin. Be that as it may, mastiffs they are and mastiffs they will remain; and as research into the derivation of the word has not hitherto shed one tittle of evidence bearing on the origin of the breed, there does not appear to be any solid reason for pursuing the subject further. In the old Welsh laws of the ninth century the mastiff is defined as a cur-dog, one of the three breeds of dogs specially mentioned under that denomination. It is needless to add that the word "cur" as applied to these dogs carried with it a meaning totally different from that conveyed by its modern signification. As applied to the mastiff, it meant that he belonged to a breed of dogs not actually recognised as being "hounds" of one sort or another, his principal duties being either to act as a guardian of property or a protector of the flocks and herds against wild animals. But it was well known that the



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RONALD WIDMERE AND BESS OF WIDMERE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mastiff was quite capable of hunting the noblest beasts of chase, for the forest laws of Henry II., while allowing mastiffs to be kept for the purposes of protection by farmers or freehold dwellers within the forests, also insisted that they should be rendered unfit for the chase. This object was effected by compelling their owners to submit them to the process of "expediation," to accomplish which it was prescribed that "The three claws of the fore feet should be cut off by the skin, by setting one of the fore feet upon a piece of

wood 8in. in thickness and 1ft. square, and with a chisel of 2in. in breadth set upon the three claws of his fore feet, they shall be struck clean off at one blow with a mallet." The duties of guardian and protector which his ancestors fulfilled some 2,000 years ago the mastiff of to-day is ready at all times to take upon himself. For children, particularly, these splendid beasts are the best of companions and guardians; their temper is very reliable and their sagacity unbounded. These are the qualities, be it noted, of a thorough-bred mastiff; cross-bred dogs of this sort are often very unreliable and treacherous in their disposition. T. H. B.

A LITTLE-KNOWN ARCHIPELAGO.

"THANK goodness I've got somewhere, anyway," said I, chucking out the anchor and hauling down the sails. The next thing was to know where I had got to. This just then seemed a little difficult. It was dark. Heavy drops of rain were falling. Every now and then a vivid flash of lightning dazzled me, making the darkness more intense. Away to seaward thunder boomed. I knew I was anchored somewhere on the Normandy Coast between Cap Carteret and Granville, and there my knowledge ended. I had left Jersey that morning meaning to discover the Chausey Islands, but the wind failed, and, the tide turning against me, I had closed with the French Coast, hoping to make some kind of shelter before night. My boat only drew 2½ ft. and was 14 ft. long. I imagined I was inside a small inlet, for there was a lighthouse between me and the sea, and I had nearly run into a boat on her moorings as the fierce tide hurried me in. This lucky escape was my only hope, for as I passed I heard a few strong words, and knew some men were aboard. Presently a black thing swept towards me. I hailed. The same gruff voices replied. I suggested putting me ashore. Evidently they bore no malice for my having nearly run them down. They not only took me into their boat, but carried out another anchor to make my little craft quite safe. Then we drifted away into the darkness and bumped against a vague obstruction. As they began to throw out their gear I supposed we were alongside a jetty, and proceeded to get out. The men carried up my bag to a looming black mass. This they said was an hotel. There is nothing like darkness for inducing faith. No wonder the world was more faithful in primitive times. But I couldn't understand why all was dark. "Has the gas given out in Regnéville?" I asked, not so much because I was interested in the gas question as because I wanted to know if I really had reached this little inlet, the port, by the way, for Coutances, and I did not like to show my ignorance. From the eager repudiation of my suggestion I gathered I had guessed right. The men fumbled at a door, pushed it open, and I found myself in a dimly-lighted kitchen. This was the hotel. If I had not exactly got where I intended it did not much matter—I could visit Coutances meanwhile and discover the Chausey Islands afterwards. They could only be about twelve miles distant. On returning from a very enjoyable visit to Coutances Cathedral—next day I found I must either stay a few days at Regnéville or clear out at once. The scour of the tide over the

loose sand caused my anchors to drag each tide. Unless I put the boat ashore I should most probably lose her. So the following day I started for Granville in the teeth of a hard wind and nasty sea, and was very glad to get there in time to save the tide, for the harbour dries out and there is no shelter whatever outside.

Next day it blew hard, but the morning afterwards I was able to set sail in spite of a head wind. Early in the afternoon I found myself abeam of the outermost rock of the strange cluster of decomposing granite which goes by the name of the Chausey Islands. Seen from the east, or south-east, a stranger would imagine there was either one long continuous reef, or else a few rocks only. But as one sails to the west, or when coming from the north, the whole bewildering mass of rocks lies open. Only one island, the Grande Ile, is inhabited, and on this are erected the two buildings which, taken in conjunction with a beacon on an island about the centre of the group, play so important a part in acting as guide-posts to the principal entrances or channels which lead into the maze, for really no artificial maze I have ever seen comes up to the lles Chausey in puzzling surprises. It was astonishing to see a great three-masted lugger, every sail set—and they can set some sails, these strange-rigged relics of Norman enterprise—rushing to what looked like certain destruction on a jagged reef of rocks to leeward. Suddenly she luffs up, shakes all her sails, falls away to the wind and disappears behind an islet, only to reappear some distance away in the midst of rocks, running the same mad race where no water seemed to be. By now I had passed all the easternmost rocks, and was puzzling out a few half-hidden dangers ahead amid which I imagined the entrance to the only perfectly safe anchorage lay. The French coasts are admirably beacons and buoyed all on the same sensible plan. All red objects are left to the right on entering from the sea and all black objects to the left. Safe in this knowledge I boldly approached a black pole or balise, meaning to leave it on the left. As I came nearer I saw another pole painted red. But to leave that on my right and this on my left seemed to involve a most extraordinary amount of twisting. Besides, there were rocks, any number of rocks, on the right side of each of these beacons, whereas on the wrong side all was clear. At once I decided something was wrong, and took the clear channel, unmindful of the colour of the poles. It was lucky I did, as for once the ruling principle seems violated, but the authorities may claim they are right, for to enter Chausey from the south is not

to enter it from the open sea, and the north end of the channel is marked correctly. This little discrepancy once put an excursion steamer from Jersey ashore, as the captain steered by the book and not by common-sense. I had now tacked into a delightful little nook. On my left was a cliff with deep water right up to it in places. Above was a lighthouse, and a little distance off a square building apparently roofless. Then came a charming little cove, with boats and nets and all the paraphernalia of rock and sea fishing drying in the sun. Beyond was another rocky promontory, above which rose a knoll crowned by the signal station or semaphore. Northwards and eastwards spread rocks, islets, sand banks, water nowhere. Yet I knew lanes or sounds of water deep enough to float my boat at least woud about everywhere. It is this wealth of watery highways, perfectly safe and calm even during heavy winds, from half ebb to half flood tide, which makes the Îles Chausey so fascinating a place for lovers of boating and rock-fishing. There is absolutely no end to the adventures or variety of cruising among these uninhabited islands and rocks. Almost the first thing that caught my eye as I opened up this pretty scene was a trim yacht of about twenty-five tons looking as smart as if at Cowes. As soon as I had anchored a Customs officer came off and put me ashore. He took my bag up to the roofless-looking building near the lighthouse, telling me it was the hotel all the English went to. I found a motley assemblage at dinner—an English lady, her maid, and two children, a couple from Paris, a morose Frenchman, a German judge from Strasburg and a Swedish family. A prominent notice in the *salle-à-manger* informed us the services of a *sage femme* could be procured at a moment's notice. Reassured as no doubt everyone

was by this timely announcement, we ate our dinner in peace. There is another hotel facing the little cove. This belongs to the owners of the islands, two ladies who live at Granville. A steamer runs to Granville several times a week, and I saw many snug-looking cottages which are always let during the summer. I made the acquaintance of the recteur, a most amiable and portly ecclesiastic, who asked if I was a "catholique," and expressed great astonishment at my arriving in so small a boat. Indeed, it did look very tiny down in the cove below—the Parisian lady called it a doll's boat. Formerly the quarries found plenty of work for the inhabitants, but now these are disused and the population is very small. There is a church by the side of a rocky eminence; in fact, rocky boulders are everywhere, intersected by pretty dells, where bushes and a few trees struggle to grow. One glance, however, serves to tell who is master here. It is the "roaring west," the mighty wind, and all vegetation, even the very rocks, confess its sway; but yet, despite this fierce autocrat, one can almost always prowl in and out among those mazy sounds at low spring tides, when the sea ranges from 40ft. to 45ft., and all sorts of marine treasures are exposed for anyone to take. It is then that the excursion steamers come from St. Malo and Jersey. Living is fairly cheap, and the simplicity of one's costume ought to satisfy the most eccentric crank on clothing. I liked the place immensely, and left the pretty anchorage with much regret, resolving to sail there again, if possible. I chose the north channel to go out, thereby saving many miles, and arrived safely at La Roque early in the afternoon. For those wanting a new and most interesting place for a holiday I can confidently recommend les Îles Chausey.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL.

THE National Rose Society is progressive. It has already issued a number of useful treatises dealing with various phases of Rose culture, and now it has ventured upon an annual to itself. Judging from the first number, published a few days ago, there is a bright future before this publication. It will contain a record of the doings of the year and contributions from Rose-growers throughout the country. Scattered through its well-printed pages are many hints, and one upon

Carbolic soap as a preventive of mildew upon Roses may well be quoted. The writer says: "After spraying a house of Niphetos Roses during the past summer with a solution of carbolic soap to destroy green-fly, it was noticed that where some of the plants had been infested with mildew it had disappeared. This fact led to the experiment being tried in the open upon about 300 Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas grown for exhibition purposes. The plants in past years have always suffered severely from mildew, and the pest had made considerable headway. They were sprayed twice, but while the attack was not entirely eradicated, it was checked, and the trees remained comparatively healthy. A number of seedling Briar and Briar cutting stocks that had been recently budded were similarly treated as soon as they showed any signs of being affected, and so successfully that the pest entirely disappeared. Circumstances have not permitted an exhaustive trial, but the above experiments tend to show that if the plants are sprayed as soon as

the first signs of mildew are noticed it may be entirely prevented from spreading. The spraying solution used is obtained by dissolving half a bar of Lifebuoy soap in three gallons of soft water, applied with an Abol syringe. The foliage and tender growths were afterwards carefully examined and no ill-effects noticed."

A BEAUTIFUL RACE OF PERSIAN CYCLAMENS.

We were among the flowers recently at Woodside, Farnham Royal, where, as the horticultural world knows, Messrs. J. James and Son grow their exquisite Persian Cyclamens and Cinerarias. When we wandered through this garden under glass the Cyclamens were in their freshest beauty and brought summer to the lap of winter. There is something strangely fascinating in this flower, which seems on "tip-toe for a flight," its quaint shape, wealth of bloom and brilliant colouring. Salmon Queen we selected as the most distinct, the purity of the salmon shade, filled with the sunshine itself, lighting up flowers of even stronger colour grouped near it. Excelsior, an intensely deep crimson, has a certain sordidness which is not so characteristic of other varieties, and from these one passes to rose red, cherry red and whites as pure as the driven snow. We commend this "strain" of flowers, as the nurseryman describes a series of varieties of one plant, such as is here described, to the notice of our readers, and anyone who is in the neighbourhood of Farnham Royal will be well repaid by a visit to this home of the Persian Cyclamen. Within a few weeks the Cineraria will open its flowers and another blaze of colour shine in the houses.



Miss E. Shiffner

A BED OF NARCISSUS.

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THE LAST OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Chrysanthemums linger far beyond the months of November and December; they are with us now, and their departure will occasion no regret. We welcome the flowers of the season—the Snowdrop before winter has flown, and the Daffodil in the winds of March and early April; but Chrysanthemums seem out of court when we are thinking of the green buds shyly opening to the warm sun and the little growths spearing through the ground, awake after a sleep of many weeks. I apologise for bringing the Chrysanthemum into these notes, but it must be remembered that gardening is a hobby, or profession, according to circumstances, that is always looking forward. This is the time to propagate the Chrysanthemum; but we would rather remind the reader of the plant as it is seen in Japan. We were recently looking through Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Notes in Japan," and a most interesting reference is made to the great flower of those sunny isles. There are many references to the flowers of that land—the Wistaria, the Almond and especially the Chrysanthemum, which is to Japan as the Rose is to England. Here are Mr. Parsons's remarks: "The plants are treated much as they are with us, raised in pots from cuttings taken in the spring, and encouraged with plenty of manure until the buds are formed; before flowering they are removed from their pots and planted out in bold groups of colour in the beds which have been prepared for them. Some plants are reduced to a single stem, on which only one enormous blossom is allowed to develop. These are generally arranged in a line, with each flower tied stiffly to a horizontal Bamboo support, and the effect is very sad; but the excellence of the gardener is best shown in growing large bushes, which have been known to carry as many as 400 flowers of medium size, all in perfect condition, on the same day. An English gardener who had visited every show within reach of Tokyo, including the Emperor's celebrated collection in the palace grounds, told me that he had seen no individual blossoms equal to the best dozen or so at a first-rate London exhibition, but that these great plants, with their hundreds of flowers, were triumphs of horticulture. The most curious examples of Chrysanthemum-growing were to be seen in the Dangozaka quarters of Tokyo. The long, hilly street is bordered on each side with gardens enclosed with high Bamboo fences, and in every one, by paying three sen, you could see groups of life-sized figures mainly covered with Chrysanthemum leaves and flowers. They represented scenes from history, the drama or Buddhist mythology, and were constructed with frameworks of Bamboo, inside which the flower-pots were concealed, the shoots being brought through the openings and trained over the outer surface. The heads and hands were made of painted wood, and swords and other accessories were added to make them more lifelike; the draperies of living leaves and flowers were skilfully arranged in large folds, and, as in most of the popular shows, they depicted the costumes of Daimio and Samurai of the past. At each entrance I was given a sort of playbill, a roughly painted broadsheet with a woodcut and a description of the different groups serving as an advertisement of the gardener's establishment."

A BEAUTIFUL PILLAR ROSE.

It was thought at one time that the wichuraiana Roses were only fit for trailing on the ground or even banks. But surely they are worthy of better positions. Take René Andre, for instance. Its coppery pink flowers have no rival in the June days, and to see them in full beauty is something to remember. When trailing on the ground we miss much of the beauty of these Roses, except one or two such as the type and wichuraiana rubra, whereas growing upon a slender support the effect is very beautiful. They make delightful objects as pillars among beds of Tea Roses, the tints of many of the group harmonising well with the Teas, and the beauty of their foliage is well known. We think gardeners miss good opportunities of using this type of Rose. Dot them among the Teas; the arrangement will prove delightful. The vigour of these Roses is often most embarrassing, especially Gardenia. The growth is prodigious.

RATS!

IT was by the happiest of happy chances that I came in for this story, though for the moment I did not know my luck. From a meet at Coombe End Gate on Galsworthy Moor we ran a very boggy line, then lost the fox, and at dusk I found myself with two shoes gone, fifteen miles from home, close by the West Country Inn and a blacksmith's shop. That was a bit of luck in itself, if I could have realised it. So I gave my horse to the blacksmith to be shod, and while he was about it went into the bar parlour. There were several there that I knew: among others Tom Causey, the Bidecombe rat-catcher. He was a great fellow. He might have come out of "Rabelais"—I mean that in the nice sense, for he was not very foul of mouth and had more decency than you would expect. But he had a great, extravagant humour, and would tell the most tremendous stories. He was a laugher, but he did not laugh at his own stories: he told them with the most perfect solemnity. And he expected you to take them seriously too. People did what he expected of them in this way, as a rule, for he was as strong and burly as an ox and not very gentle with his hands. He was clad in velveteen, and smelt of rabbits and gunpowder, ferrets and tobacco and dogs and earth, as a man of his trade should. He could carry six rabbits in either pocket of the flaps of his coat, and if you gave him a pheasant, over and above them, he would dispose of that too about his persn somewhere. He owned thirteen terriers of uncertain breed, besides his ferrets, and when the tax-collector came round for the licences all but two or three of them were always under six months of age. He could change the look of a dog wonderfully with a splash of paint here and there, and a stitch keeping down an ear that had been cocked last year for the collector's visit, and so on.

He was drinking beer at frequent intervals from a great quart pot, when I came into the Inn, and sucking more frequently still from a black clay pipe which seemed to want a lot of drawing and bubbled like a bird piping as he sucked at it, but in all the intervals he was nodding in a doze, for he was well tired. He had followed the hunt afoot, and though he knew every inch of the country and the short cuts and gaps, and where the fox would be heading for and so forth, still it had been heavy going, and Causey was a big, heavy man. He was more than half asleep, or else would have been taking part in the talk which was going forward, for it was all about his special subject—rats. I expect it was just his coming which had given it this turn—of course, after the fox, the hounds, the horses and the rest had been talked over. The question had turned on the greatest number of rats ever known to be killed by any dog at any one particular time, and there was a good deal of big talking and telling of stories which no one liked to call untrue because he meant to tell a bigger as soon as that one was finished, and had no desire to create a cold atmosphere of incredulity. I have sometimes thought that Causey had heard more of the talk than he had pretended to, the physical atmosphere being thick, steamy and somnolent with damp clothes drying and hot men cooling, for as soon as ever someone appealed to him directly as to what he knew about rats and dogs and the relations of the one to the other, he seemed alive to the situation in a moment, and set out without a stop, as if he meant to make all the rest of the tales that had been told feel weak and faint and ashamed of themselves.

"Be it rats then, as you'm a-tellin' of?" he asked, and crammed his great greasy wideawake hat on his head, which had been bare, as if he was preparing for instant action. "I'll tell 'ee then. The mostest number as ever I did know vor wan dogue vor swallee down at wan time was eighty-teu."

It must never be forgotten that Tom Causey was a genius. If it ever had been doubted it would have been assured by the way he mentioned this fairly large figure with all the air of a man apologising that he could say no more. Still, the effect in the bar parlour was to produce what the papers call "sensation."

Ezekiel Leach, the earth-stopper, passed his hand over his brow as if he doubted whether his intellect were clouded or he had heard aright.

"'Eow many was it as yeu zaid, Tom?" he asked.

Causey went to the bottom of the quart pot before he answered, and then he said, as he drew the back of his hand across his mouth, "Eighty-teu. 'Twas zo near as makes no matter as 'e 'adn't a-swalleed up the eighty-third, but there! eighty-teu it was. Yeu know as I wouldn't tell 'ee a lie."

"Ees fai", Tom, us know that zure enough," the earth-stopper said, terribly solemn on the side of his face towards Causey, but winking like a gargoye on the side of which the general company had the benefit.

"What kind of dogue was 'e then, Tom?" asked another.

"Ees, do 'ee tell up about it, Tom," one or two more chorused.

So then Causey, proud in knowing he was a born narrator, though modest like all great men, obliged the company.

"Well then, if you'm minded vor hear, I'll tell 'ee just 'ow it was. 'Twas wan day as I was a-comin' down Raleigh 'Ill: they was pullin' adown of a rick, just beside the road, and there was a gen'l'man standin' by wi' a plesure dogue. And just as I was comin' along, a rat nipped out of the rick and nipped across the road. Well, the dogue snip 'ee up. Two or dree minutes more, out there nipped another, and the dogue snip 'ee up; and 'e'd 'ardly swalleed of 'un down 'vore out there nips a third, and the dogue snip 'ee up. And zo they went on, the rats nippin' out and the dogue snippin' of 'em up, till 'e'd swalleed up eighty-teu; and just as 'e was a-goin' vor swallee up the eighty-third" (here Causey paused, as if overcome with a hiccough or other temporary impediment in his speech, but I think it was really to fulfil the narrator's born instinct to keep his audience in suspense for the real thrill of the tale), "just as 'e was a-goin' vor swallee up the eighty-third, zomethin' took 'ee zick, and 'e drawed up all the eighty-teu rats and they all rinned back into the rick."

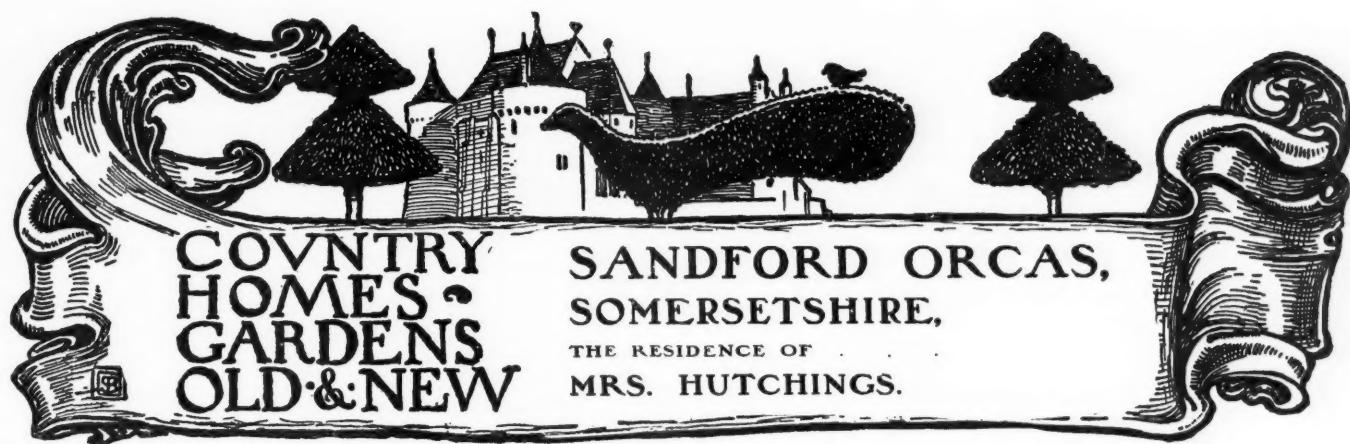
He finished off the *dénouement* with a rattle, after the pause, and there was dead silence for a while in the steamy parlour of the West Country Inn.

Then Ezekiel Leach said gently, "Did 'ee ever 'ear tell the name of the gen'l'man wi' the plesure dogue, Tom?"

"I don't mind, Zekel, as ever I did," Causey said, glaring hard at him.

"I think as I should 'ave been minded vor enquire," the earth-stopper persisted in mild defiance of the glare.

But that was the limit which that good company reached in the way of hinting at a doubt of the tale, for Causey was a very burly man and not always gentle. At all events, he had given me something to think about, to help pass the time as I rode back, fifteen miles in the dark, on the tired horse, and twice the horse was startled, as he was just going off into a doze, by finding me lean forward on his neck, not able to hold myself upright in the saddle for laughter.



WHERE the little Somersetshire parishes lie close together on the Dorsetshire border, a land where the traveller is rarely out of sight of a church tower, lies Sandford Orcas, some three miles from Sherborne. The stone-built manor house, with its old gardens and bowling green, is not the least interesting in a country-side which has many old homes. Trent manor house, although but a fragment, keeps the roof hiding-place which harboured King Charles for a fortnight of those adventurous days after Worcester field. Poyntington, another house of Loyalists, has a Tudor quad and gatehouse; and Clifton Maybank, the old Horsey mansion, although wrecked and dismantled, still looks over several parishes from the oriel of a high-gabled wing. But, unlike the most of its fellows, Sandford Orcas manor house is sound and whole.

The continuity of English history is once more shown by the fact that the history of Sandford Orcas can be taken back to Domesday. In the year of the Great Survey, Humphrey the Chamberlain was lord of Stour Pain and Sandford, a King's serjeant and a man having the favour of Queen Maude. He was a Norman, and without doubt one of those conquerors who came oversea to ride about England with long lances and long

shields like five-foot kites. Conjecture becomes all but certainty when we find a charter of Henry I. confirming gifts to the Abbey of St. Vincent at Mans witnessed by Humphrey "Orescuilz," one of his followers. Without doubt, this was Humphrey the Chamberlain of Domesday. Therefore, Sandford was Sandford "Orcas" even in the Conqueror's time. Richard Orescuilz, the fourth of this family, seems to have died without heirs of his body, and his lands were parted between his sisters Maude and Alice, from whom descended Gurneys and Vilerses, great folk who do not appear to have lived at Sandford, where the Gurneys had for their under-tenants Danverses, Stotescombes and Paynes, seemingly the heirs of two natural daughters of the last Orescuilz, for whom Richard, their father, had provided in Sandford. But in 1431, Thomas Knoyell, gentleman, is returned as seized of the manor, perhaps as heir of the Paynes, and after him the Knoyells or Knoyles were here for many generations, squires and lords of a manor which seems to have been but a moiety of the Orescuilz holding. In the south aisle of Sandford Church is their burying-place; and there in a monument upon the wall kneels William Knoyle of Sandford Orcas, esquire, who died in 1607, with his two wives and his three boys and four girls, not to speak of four infants swaddled like caterpillars.



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THROUGH THE GATEHOUSE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Early in the eighteenth century the Knoyles manor or moiety was in the hands of John Hunt of Compton Paucefoot, a kinsman of the last Knoyle, whose grandson, Dodington Hunt, sold it with the advowson to John Hutchings, son of Samuel Hutchings of South Cadbury, ancestor of the modern owners of Sandford Orcas. The lady of the Knoyle manor, by birth a Farquharson of the Invercauld house, is the widow of Mr. Hubert Hutchings, who restored the old manor house, which had before his time fallen from its ancient rank.

This manor house, set among the delights of wood and orchard, is a fair picture of that house comfort for which the old English squire planned and built. Its block of buildings is almost four-square about a small well-court. Planned by one of the Knoyles, the date of its making seems somewhat uncertain, the gatehouse boldly thrown out at the flank, a curious chimney on its gable and some of the earlier parts of the house savouring

of the early Tudor work, and the lions, whose gaunt bodies are seen against the sky, are too vigorous to be of later date. One of them, indeed, holds between his paws a shield of France and England in the Tudor fashion. Other portions, however, are evidently Elizabethan work. Thus the doorway, whose gable rises between squat pinnacles, would seem to be of Elizabeth's time, and the shield of arms should give us the builder's name. But this shield has the bend and scallops of the Knoyles parted with a coat of three running horses, which in these parts can only stand for a Fry, and although the marriages of Elizabethan Knoyles can all be traced, not one of them matched with Fry. Shield and marriage must belong to a Knoyle of the seventeenth century, during which time we have been unable to follow their history in detail. The same shield of alliance is found painted on the wall of the Knoyle aisle of the parish church. Taking that picture of ours which has the sundial of wrought





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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ironwork in the foreground, we see on our right the Tudor gatehouse by which the courtyard, with its barn and stables, is approached. The heavily mullioned window to the right of the porch lights the wainscoted parlour. On the other side of the porch, which has a chamber over it, is the great hall, spacious and well lighted with bayed windows of mullions and transoms, in which are shields of the Knoyles and of their kinsfolk the Martins and Paynes; over this is a drawing-room, whose windows look over the country-side. Our picture taken from across the lawn marked for lawn-tennis play gives a view of the low window of the hall cellar, and above it the glass of the solar chamber, the private withdrawing-room in old time of the lord and lady of the manor, which still keeps its linen panelling. Kitchen, scullery and the like offices are grouped in the low buildings with dormer windows lying towards the church. In the great chamber beyond the drawing-room is the fireplace whose chimney-piece is carved with the arms of a Stewart Sovereign. One of

our pictures shows how the manor house lies lovingly close to the church, and how short was the journey when a Knoyle was carried feet foremost to his narrower house in the Knoyle aisle. More than one rector of this church has made good company for the hall, and notably Francis Godwin, son of that Bishop of Bath and Wells who disturbed Queen Elizabeth's sense of decency by making a second marriage. Perhaps in this quiet place Francis Godwin, himself to be a bishop, began his catalogue of the English prelates or, in lighter vein, that "Man in the Moon," thought to be one of the models for Cyrano de Bergerac's treatise on life in that planet.

For a last word of the manor house, we find it a delectable thing in a pleasant country; and looking back again at its mullions and drip-stones, its gables and chimneys, we are moved to say that, in summer or winter season, those who dwell and have grown up in such a house are deeply to be envied of all other Englishmen. Doubtless it stands on the ground of yet



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CHURCH AND HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

an older manor house, and a memory of its earlier existence was yielded up during its restoration, when, under a garret floor, was found, with other curious oddments—a leather purse, a brace of sheath knives and a buckle—a roll of accounts kept by a bailiff of Sandford Orcas manor when the Black Prince's son was on the throne.

CHANTMARLE.

CHANTMARLE is an ancient Somersetshire manor house somewhat fallen from its former estate, which, unlike Sandford Orcas, its neighbour a few miles away over the Dorset border, has as yet found no restoring squire. This manor, or reputed manor, of Chantmarle was a member of the important manor of Cattistock, long held by the Abbots of Milton under a gift of King Athelstan. It seems to have been early alienated from them, for by the beginning of the thirteenth century we find the Chantmarles, who gave it their name, holding it of the Crown.

A Chantmarle greatly added to the lands of his line by marriage with one of the daughters and co-heirs of the knightly house of the Stokes or Estokes, lords of East Stoke, the bride bringing in her father's manors of East Stoke and Rushton by Bindon. There were living when Henry VI. came to the throne two sister Chantmarles, the elder of whom carried Chantmarle and East Stoke to her husband, John Cheverel. For several generations the estates descended in this family of Cheverel, and did not go from it by failure of heirs, but by the coming of that spendthrift who appears sooner or later in every long pedigree. We have him here when Christopher Cheverel sold away Chantmarle, East Stoke and Rushton at the beginning of the reign of James I. A lawyer was the purchaser of Chantmarle, John Strode, the squire of Parnham, who through his mother Katharine Cromwell was of the blood of the destroyer of the monasteries. His following of the law made him Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple and Recorder of Bridport, and gave him the means for the founding of the Beaminster almshouses and for the purchase of Chantmarle. He built anew the ancient dwelling-house at Chantmarle and dwelt therein, but, as we may imagine, died in harness, his death in his eighty-first year befalling him at his chambers in the Temple.

Two at least of his children followed him in his profitable calling, both knights and sergeants-at-law. His young son, then John, the child of a second and late marriage with a Wyndham of Orchard Wyndham, was a known Royalist before he came of age, compounding by his guardian in 1646 to save the estate from sequestration by the Parliament. A knight like his father, this younger Sir John Strode left Chantmarle to the occupation of his second wife, the Lord Poulett's widow, to whom he gave by will the life use of his furniture there with "the great silver bason with Sir Jerrard Napper's arms." She was living there at her death towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, and Chantmarle at last passed to the Oglanders of the Wight, Sir William Oglander having in 1699 married Elizabeth Strode in the chapel at Chantmarle, and with them it descended until the late extinction of that ancient family. Therefore, within the legal memory of man



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SANDFORD ORCAS. THE HALL WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

SANDFORD ORCAS. FROM THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Chantmarle has been sold but once. Like many house-builders of his time, Sir John Strode seems never to have made an end of his work, and Chantmarle to-day has been lessened at least by two wings, which are shown in an old engraving. Mr. John Strode, not yet a knight, kept careful account of each penny laid out upon it, and his books make interesting reading. The whole cost was £1,142 "besides much stone, many timber trees and a very great number of carriages

allowed to stand as not amiss with the later work. The pride of John Strode's pious heart would seem to have been his chapel, of whose making we have many a word from his laying the first stone in 1612. There was a chapel there before, for Chantmarle is "a great mile" from Cattistock church, but low-roofed, little and dark, therefore a new one was raised upon ground which had been a herb garden, the foundations eight feet deep, for a moat had once run there "environing the house and garden."



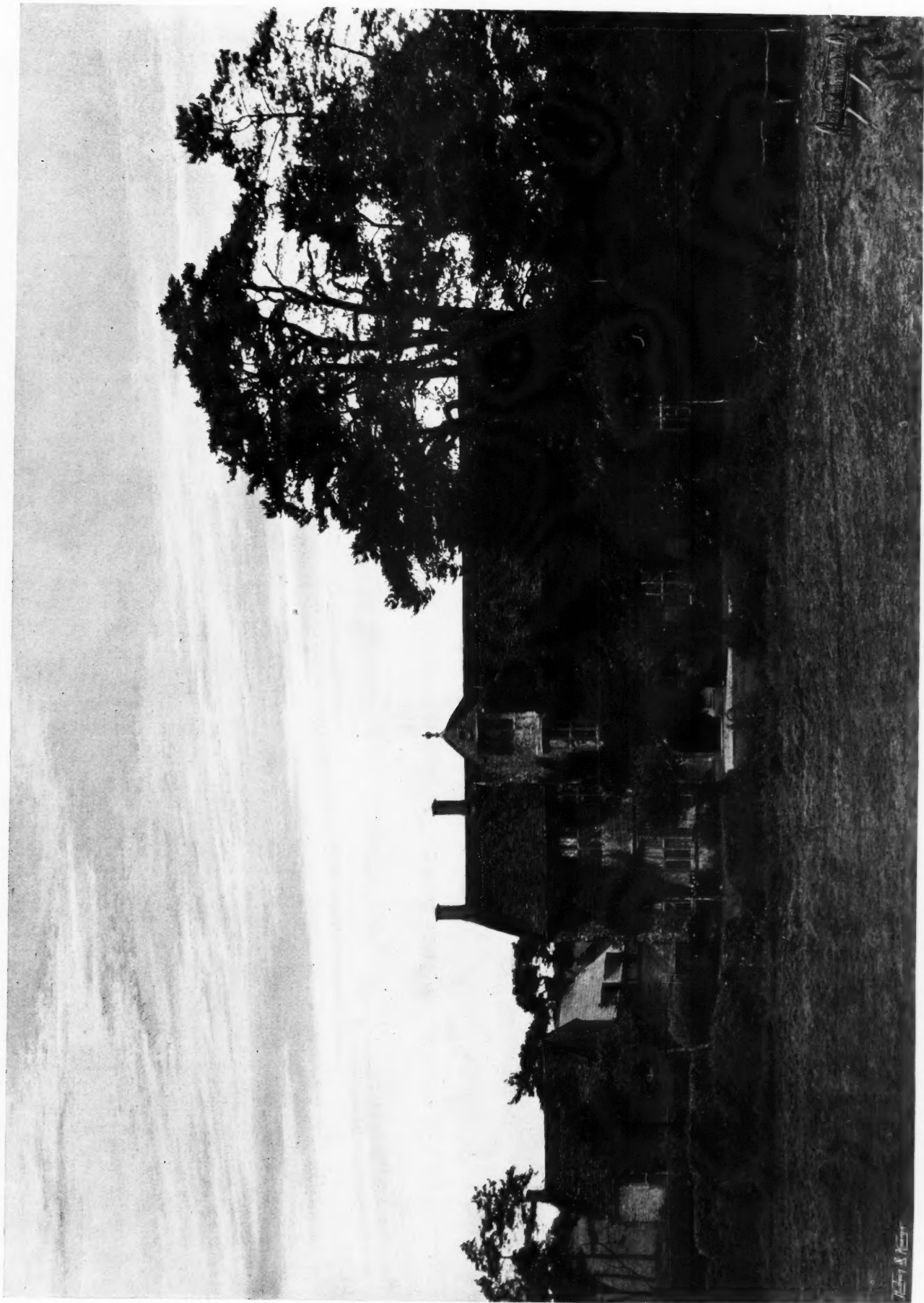
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CHANTMARLE: BAY WINDOW OVER ENTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of stones both from Hamdon and Whetly quarries freely given me by my neighbours." Local men contracted for the work—Joseph and Daniel Rowe of Hamdon Hill—and a local man—Gabriel Moore, born about Chinnock in Somerset—had 20s. monthly with his diet to survey the building which Sir John Strode had "conceived and plotted." No architect of the new fashion being brought in, the house follows after the ancient lines, whereby certain walls of the old Cheverels' house were

This chapel had its outside of Hamdon stone and its inside plastered white, fretted over most curiously with sun, moon and stars, cherubim, doves, grapes and pomegranates, four angels supporting the four corners of the roof, all of which the ingenious artist Master Eaton of Stokegursy wrought at a price of £6 16s. When all was at an end there came on a September day in 1619 the Right Reverend Dr. Rowland Searchfield, Bishop of Bristol, who consecrated it, sitting during



THE LONG ROOF, CHANTMARLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Copyright.

part of the service in a velvet chair by the oriel window. After the psalm of

How pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hosts, to me,

the squire and his wife took the Sacrament, and young Strodes and young Strangways, Trenchards, Cokers and Bingham— for neighbours and kinsfolk were there in a company—were confirmed, and after dinner my lord confirmed again, so many children coming that the bishop rode away weary on his

road to Melbury. Sir John Strodes buildings have lost since then something of their trimness, but nothing of their beauty. The very name of Chantmarle seems to recall a black-bird's song of a thousand springs ago, a sweet name for a house that is still all beautiful in its weathered age, a long line of roof broken by a gabled dormer with a bayed window over a creeper-covered porch. The field flowers have come in at Sir John's garden gate, but the dire enemy of all old and lovely houses—that creeping evil, the town—is yet very far from Chantmarle.

OVER A PAIR OF BELLOWES.

"NO. He is not in to house at this moment. He's up to wood about the faggotting. He can't be so very long now, for certain sure. The a'ternoons be zo short, an' 'tes most terrible muggy to-day, I do sim. Will ee please to walk in an' wait?"

My ear detected in the tone of her voice an habitual melancholy intangible as the sadness of the wind blowing through pine trees on the hill, or the loneliness of a river winding through a deepcombe. Yet she did not appear to be in trouble. She might perhaps be one of those very serious persons to whom duty becomes a nightmare and who always fear the worst. As she spoke she stepped back from the doorway to allow me to pass, and I went into the cottage. It was one of the old-fashioned sort, with a window looking out upon the front and another at the back. Both were darkened by trees, lofty beech and oak that hid the sky. She was right. The afternoon was even more than "muggy," for the winter mist was changing into a fine drizzling rain. She drew an armchair closer to one side of the hearth and punched up the flattened cushion with her brown fist.

"Now do ee please to pitch," said she, with the pleasant undulation of her dialect.

I seated myself in that comfortable resting-place. The fire of wood had fallen very low, and was little more than a red glow trying to peer out of a mountain of grey-white ashes. But she brought a handful of sticks, piled the charred logs anew and put on more. She drew up a low, rush-bottomed chair, took a pair of bellows from their nail upon the wall, and sat down to blow. At once the flames leapt up, and in the glowing light I could see her face more clearly than in the obscurity of the doorway. Although she was up in years, and had spent the best part of her life in this outlying woodman's cottage, there was nothing bucolic about her. Jane Trent was still a comely woman. There are many among humble rural folk who both in countenance and manner possess the characteristics of a gentle race. Her features were both even and refined. She must have been quite beautiful when a girl. Now she wore a faded brown knitted shawl over her shoulders. Her scanty grey hair was twisted into a knob at the back of her head, skewered with a hairpin and confined within a tight net of chenille. She sat looking into the fire with the bellows resting upon her knee, and blew with slow, regular blasts. Now and then a drop of rain found its way down the broad, open chimney, and fell hissing upon the red glow.

"You must find it very quiet here with no other house near."

"'Tes a out-o'-the-way sort o' place, sure 'nough," she reflected, still looking into the fire. "But, lauk! I be zo well used to the wood as a stoat or a pheasant. I wur born an' bred handy to a wood, an' wed to come to live here. There were a plenty o' little veet an' a plenty o' voices about house then vor the next few years. But little veet, mind, do wear out shoe-leather. An' a little voice, mind, in a manner o' speaken, have a-got about zo many words as a vinger-post 'pon the road to a belly. An' where there's a belly, mind, there's a call vor victuals. Zo I did zay, manies o' times, there were too many. But, Massy 'pon us! The ooman is no better 'an a fool that don't zay no more than she do mean now and again. An' I do vind it a bit lonesome now they be gone."

She did not smile. She did not look up; but might have been speaking to the crackling logs. The wood was a little damp, and the flames fell when she ceased, so she went on blowing in the same steady way.

"How many of them were there?"

"There be but thirteen," she answered, with becoming modesty, and paused. Then her manner brightened almost into boasting. "But we never lost narn. We reared 'em all up straight an' tall. An' eet na'ar a one o' 'em wouldn' bide in theas country."

She only meant the neighbourhood, for none had gone into foreign parts. And although she felt the loss of this baker's dozen in her heart she was proud of their enterprise.

"You zee, they all turned out sich scholars, every one o' 'em. Not but what I wur a scholar myself when I wur a little maid. Ay, they larned I to read an' to write an' to zummy too, but lauk! I had no use for it all, an' pretty quick forgot it

again. You zee, zay there wur a murder in the Vriday paper, or the like o' that, here by the vire a'der dark, or out in garden of a zummer evenen, when John wur a-zot 'pon top o' wall wi' his pipe, one o' the childern 'ud read it out. You zee, did amuse he, an' was wonderful improven for they, too. Oh! They really an' truly was beautiful scholars. That's why they was zo restless, I do suppose. an' mus' needs go off here-vrom. Still, for all that they've all a-got on—most wonderful!

"There's our John, he's handy 'pon fifty now, he do drive out the van to a grocery stores. He do get his vower-an'-twenty. 'Tes different to sixteen, idden it? Mind he's out all hours when he do go 'pon a long round. He is that. But still vower-an'-twenty is wages, you zee. Zo 'tes. An' eet I do bide here an' stud when I be a bit lonesome like. He've a-got to pay zebem shillens a wick vor a little bit of a house in a street, an' he can't rent narn handy 'nough to his work, not vor less. Lauk! 'Tes scand'lous, I do call it. An' he hant a-got no garden—or there, I wunt tell ee no lie 'nother—only a bit of a back-plot about the size of a handkercher where nothen couldn' expect to grow no sense. Wull! His missus couldn' put up a clothes-line, no, not to save her life. There idden room, an' more an' that there's nothen but coal a-burned, an' come a dill day the air is a smeech o' smuts. An' they hant a-got no viren, not zo much as a han'ful o' sticks to light up wi', 'ithout 'tes what they do buy, in cou'se. But there, I couldn' a-bear to be wi'out a garden, I do sim I couldn' live wi'out a garden. Things be zo much better vresh a-picked. An' ia! Mus' be money out o' pocket if you do but want a chibbole. There, our John, he do look down 'pon his vather's sixteen. But, 'pon my life, zometimes when I do zit an' stud, I beant zo sure."

She got up and looked out of the door, then lowered the kettle upon the chimney-crock and sat down again with the bellows.

"Now there's my son Urchett, he what went away into Wales to work in the mines—there, I don't rightly know what he do earn. 'Tes a lot o' money by all account. But he don't put nothen by, I don't believe. He hant a-bin home to zee us up ten year. He do zend a letter, mid be once in a twelvemonth, an' I do spell it out a bit to a time, for as I zaid, I beant no scholar now, an' then zomebody or another do come in an' read un drough to me. Now Urchett do always mind what I told un when he went. 'Urchett,' I told un, 'I'd zo zoon be a rabbit to once if I mus' live half my life underground.' He do always have a word 'bout that. 'Mother,' he wrote, 'if I ever should turn to a rabbit I'll live under a fakket-pile.' I can't abear to think o' no man under groun' avore his time, like. I don't zee what they do want zo much coal vor, wi' zo much wood about a-rotten. Lauk! I'd zooner be out at night in the wo'stest thunder-storm ever wur 'an down zo deep down. But there, Urchett is better off—that we do know. An' eet—to live zo many hours down there—zometimes when I do blow the vire an' stud—I—I beant zo sure!"

"Did you have any daughters, Mrs. Trent?" I asked her by way of a change.

"Vive maidens. They all went away out to sarvice. Jinny, the oldest, she did wonderful well vor herself. She went to Lunnon an' wed wi' a cabinet-maker that do work at the wood-carven. She've a-got a parlour an' wax vlowers under a glass case, oh beautiful! and he made the things his own zelf in his own time. Still, for all that, he is but a little bit of a feller, about zo big as a gate-post, wi' a face zo thin as a hatchet an' zo white as a ghost. An' the childern do all enjoy bad health. Poor whinden little smock-faced atomies, they do take a'der he, I count. One o' 'em is a-growed up a school-ticher now, very genteel. The littlest comed down here to bide, one time, for the country air. She picked up wonderful. 'Twur the wheaten bread for certain sure, for the bread in Lunnon is all alum an' starch, so I've a-heard tell. But they didn' let her come no more. Her sister zaid we larned her to talk zo bad. But ia! health's a blessen for grown childern in partic'lar. What is life wi'out health, whatever you've a-got or wherever you be? Oh! Jinny done wonderful well for herself. She did zo. An' eet if you be fo'ced to eat alum an' starch—there, I can't tell. When I do zit down an' stud, I beant zo sure."

WALTER RAYMOND.

BARLEY AND ITS CULTIVATION.

By PROFESSOR D. FINLAYSON, F.L.S.

At one time botanical authorities differed considerably as to the number of species and varieties of barley comprising the genus *Hordeum*, but now it is considered that all grown by the farmer are varieties of one species only, and that the original type is the two-rowed barley. The varieties commonly cultivated are *Hordeum sativum distichon* (two-rowed), *Hordeum sativum vulgare* (four-rowed) and *Hordeum sativum hexastichon* (six-rowed barley). In examining an ear of barley it will be seen that the spikelets are arranged in threes on opposite sides of the rachis. When the middle spikelet on each side produces one well-developed grain only, we have what is known as a two-rowed barley, the side spikelets being abortive.



GOLDTHORPE BARLEY.

When the two outside spikelets on each side are fertile, a four-rowed barley is the result; and when all the spikelets are fertile and produce grain, we have the six-rowed type.

Barley is generally considered to occupy the second place in order of importance among the cereal crops grown in this country, at any rate in the South. In the North of Scotland the cultivation of oats supersedes it. Growing barley of the highest class for malting purposes, even under the most favourable conditions, demands from the farmer the exercise of more knowledge and care than almost any other crop. There must be taken into account the cultivation of the soil, whether it be heavy or light, the crop to follow, whether roots or another straw crop, the manure to use, if any, and the type of barley which it is best



SIX-ROWED BARLEY.



FOUR-ROWED BARLEY.

to sow, for each of these has an influence on the production of a uniform, mellow, well-matured grain.

In aiming at growing barley of the highest class it is essential that certain facts should always be remembered. Barley should be grown on a barley soil, that is to say, on soils of a free working character, such as light loams, sandy or calcareous soils. On heavy soils the general bulk of the produce, both straw and grain, may be considerably augmented, but at the expense of quality; whereas when barley is grown on light soils, and other conditions are favourable, the quality of grain so highly esteemed for malting purposes is more readily obtained. It is essential to success that not only should the land be dry, but also clean, and that, before sowing operations



CHEVALIER BARLEY.

commence, the seed-bed shall have been worked into a deep, fine and friable tilth. At this season of the year it is the winter furrow, which has been exposed for some time to repeated frosts, that breaks down into the fine and "kindly" seed-bed. Uniform condition of the soil, both with regard to the mechanical condition of the surface and its general fertility, is really the secret of successful barley-growing. If grown after a crop of roots, any portion of the ground which has been "poached" or trodden by sheep when it was wet should receive special attention. It is infinitely better, when it can be managed, to produce the fine tilth required by exposure to natural atmospheric agencies than to force a tilth by excessive use of the harrow and roller. It happens on many occasions that the seed has apparently been sown under

the best possible conditions, may be drilled on a dry, mellow surface, yet the result does not appear satisfactory; the plant has made a fair start, but seems to have received a check of some kind. The farmer, when viewing his crop, ponders over the disappointing outlook. What is the cause or reason of the failure? Oftentimes the reason is simply this—that the various tillage operations necessary for the formation of a good seed-bed are not properly timed as to the weather conditions. It is quite possible for the surface of the soil to be worked into a fairly fine condition, while at the same time the tread of the horses has formed a pan or layer impervious to the passage of water a little way below the surface; the latter being fine, the water rises readily—too readily—by capillary attraction, thus cooling the upper layer of soil and checking the growth.

While the order of succession in which crops are usually grown is dependent upon the nature of the soil and climatic conditions, it would be thought in certain districts and by some farmers little short of rank heresy to advocate the growth of two white or straw crops in succession. It is also, perhaps, well known to most practical men that there is no greater fallacy in farming practices than the laying down of rules. Phosphates and nitrogen must be both present in sufficient quantity in the ideal barley soil, but the latter element not in excess. The orthodox method of cultivation—"barley after roots"—has given place in many districts to "barley after wheat." Though the opinions of practical men differ considerably on this important departure from established custom, it is in the main a matter of individual experience and depends on the fertility of the soil. For malting purposes there are practically only two types of barley grown in this country, and these are the long-eared or Chevalier type, and the broad erect-eared type as exemplified by the Goldthorpe, both two-rowed barleys. The long-eared type was introduced early in the last



"CHAMPION." (NAT. SIZE.)

century by the Rev. Dr. Chevalier of Debenham, Suffolk, and for a great many years has been grown for malting purposes; almost to the exclusion of every other type. The erect-eared type (Goldthorpe), introduced by Carters about twenty years ago, was selected and grown from a single ear found in a growing crop of Chevalier on the farm of Mr. William Dyson, a Nottinghamshire farmer. The robust appearance of the plant attracted attention, and it was noticed that the length and strength of the straw, combined with the erect, wide, closely-packed ear was something entirely distinct from the other plants surrounding it. The seed was saved and sown, and a few years later this new variety was introduced into general cultivation. The special feature of the Goldthorpe type of barley is its stand-up character, the stoutness of its straw enabling it to withstand weather and adverse soil conditions without much danger of "lodging." It also may be successfully grown on land of a heavier class than is usually considered suitable for successful barley-growing.

In the interests of all concerned it is of the first importance that farmers should realise that in three seasons out of four, it is the early sown barley that is likely to yield the best sample at harvest-time, also the necessity of growing a true pure strain, whether of the long-eared or erect-eared type, and not to sow, at any price, a mixed lot. Mixed grain will of necessity lack two vital and essential characteristics of quality—viz., that of

uniformity in ripening and composition. Within the writer's knowledge during the last few months many, very many, farmers all over the country have had considerable difficulty in finding a market for their barley, and this state of affairs is entirely due to the fact that when the merchant submits the barley to an expert, to report upon as to its suitability for seed purposes, it is found to be a mixture of two or more sorts and entirely unfit for sowing.

In handling a sample to determine whether it is good for malting purposes, there are indications of quality that are apparent at a glance—the grains are of a fair size, short and round, rather than long, thin skinned and wrinkled, uniform in size and of a pale yellow colour. The magnified sample of grain shown here is that of the Champion barley of 1906, exhibited by John K. King and Sons at the Brewers' Exhibition. It is of the long-eared or Chevalier type, and the points referred to above as illustrating a good sample can be readily detected in the photograph. A good malting barley must of necessity be a good growing one; the purity of any sample, however high, is no guarantee of its quality and usefulness if it fails to respond, and that speedily, to

the test of germination. If the sample should be found weak in responding it is worthless to the maltster. The germinating grains illustrated were enclosed between folds of moistened felt, and then placed in a germinating chamber and kept at a temperature of 75deg. Fahr., and responded to the test as shown in thirty hours.

In many laboratory experiments during recent years it has been found that the amount of water present in the grain influences very materially the rapidity of germination, the drier grains in almost every case germinating more quickly and regularly than those containing a higher percentage of moisture. The quantity of water present in the grain is dependent upon its condition when cut, its ripeness, the mode of harvesting and sweating in the stack before threshing. The importance of the moisture content of seed barley has also been demonstrated in field tests. Barley which had been kiln-dried at a temperature varying from 90deg. Fahr. to 120deg. Fahr. for twenty-four hours germinated more evenly, and with this result—that when the barley was threshed the uniformity and maturation of the sample was such that the grower received 3s. per quarter more for the produce of dried seed over the undried. While the size of the barley grains determines the amount of brewing material obtained, it is mainly, if not entirely, the maturation of the grain which determines the quality of the same. Perfect and imperfect maturation of the grain is well seen in the magnified section of two barley grains (see illustration). In the former the maturation seems to be complete, and the ruptured starch cells give a white and mellow appearance to the transverse section. In the section on the left showing imperfect maturation, the hard, horny appearance of the cut surface is a striking



"CHAMPION." (MAG. 2½ DIA.)



GERMINATING AFTER THIRTY HOURS' TEST.

evidence of the absence of that essential quality possessed in such high degree by the other. It is well known that, when growth has ceased, and the barley has become dead ripe, between the time of cutting and carrying the grain to the stack further maturation takes place—if the weather conditions be favourable—due to the alternate slight wetting and drying, thereby adding to the malting quality of the grain.

ON CHIMNEYS.

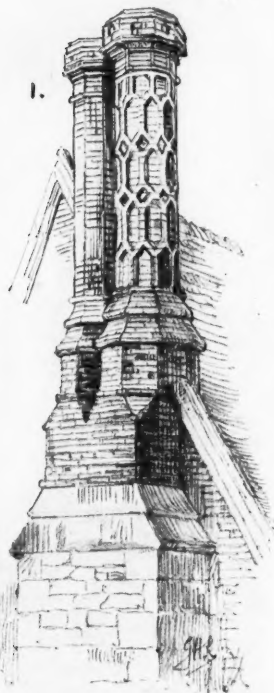
TO-DAY, for the most part, the chimney is a channel gin. across, enclosed by the least possible brickwork, rising anywhere by the quickest possible route to the lowest possible elevation above the flattest possible slate roof, and topped, if a

"spicy" decorative effect is to be afforded, by an "ornamental" pot chosen out of a trade list, and forming a worthy ending to the equally ornamental cast-iron commencement. It has taken centuries of civilisation and advance to produce so scientific and laudable a result. Time was when the chimney was an important thing, not to be reduced to the meanest proportions at the smallest expense, but to bulk large as a substantial constituent of the house and an avowed feature in its design. It was an adjunct to the fire, and our ancestors, not many centuries ago, were still the unconscious possessors of a

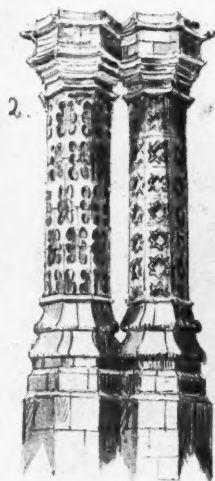
of warming the smaller rooms, or "chambers," they put the fire into a recess in the thick outer walls, ran the flue a few feet up above the canopied head of the opening into the room, and then turned it out through a hole at the back. Only gradually did they advance to the stage of continuing the flue right up to the top of, and above, the walls. Having reached that point, they were treated as pinnacles, or turrets, ending with a spire, or saddle-back, with pierced sides to admit of the escape of the smoke. Examples of this period were until recently to be

seen at Chepstow Castle and Abingdon Priory. They were still in the fourteenth century exceptional and single. But with the fifteenth century came a great development. There was an advance in size and comfort of houses. The well-to-do put glass in their windows in place of mere shutters, or horn or oiled texture, and habitually had chimneys to their more considerable rooms. In tall houses this meant two or three emerging

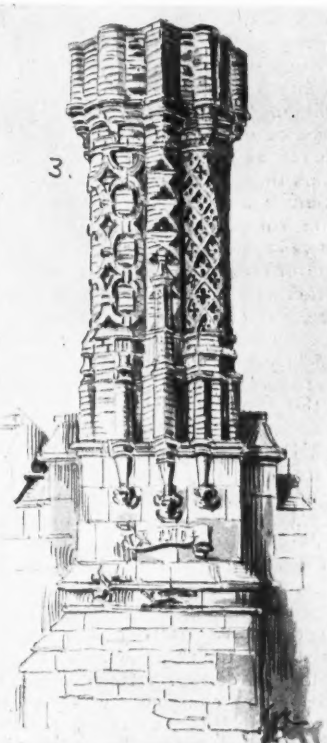
together from the roof, and the plan of clustering them came into vogue, an impetus towards this being given by the reintroduction of brick—which had vanished with the Romans—as a building material. Convenience of size, adaptability to any shape by moulding and resistance to heat made brick the favourite medium for this new chimney work; and though, occasionally, stone was used for clustered stacks, they are coeval with and not anterior to those of brick, showing that until that material was in the market the new departure in chimneys was not thought of. With their increase in number, and, owing to the clustering, in size, they assumed additional importance in the builders' eyes as an architectural feature. In great buildings, which had their crenulated towers and cupolaed lanterns, they were only a subsection of the general design, yet one which, by the carving of the stone or terra-cotta, was held meet for rich and careful decoration, as well appears in the examples illustrated, which occur at Tonbridge in Kent, St. Osyth's in Essex and Thornbury in



TONBRIDGE SCHOOL.



ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY.



THORNBURY CASTLE.

touch of the fire-worship instinct. To them there was something sacred in the hearth, and so, when the idea of the enclosed chimney with its prolonged "fun," or shaft, was practically realised, its lower end, or mantel-piece as it has come to be called, was the chief decorative point of the room, and its upper end bore its full share in the grouping and ornamentation of the roofage and sky-line.

It began, of course, as the luxury of the few, not the commodity of the many. The chimney, as we know it, was scarce used in England before the twelfth century. The fire burned in the centre of the main room—the "hall" in a house of importance—either on a flat stone—such as still survives at Stokesay—or in a brazier or "reredos," such as was in use, as the only means of heating, in the hall of Westminster School until the middle of the last century. The smoke rose up, accumulated amid the roof-beams, and found an ultimate exit through the roofed aperture, or "Louvre," which was retained—spired, crocketed or domed—as a charming feature of even late Gothic halls, but which had the fault, it is said, of encouraging the most stormy down draughts. When men began to realise the convenience and possibility



GREAT CHALFIELD MANOR, WILTSHIRE.

Gloucestershire. But in more modest homes, in the knight's or squire's simple manor, the chimney stands alone in emphasising the vertical line, as the low, long, little-broken roofs would, without this, give a too completely horizontal character to the grouping. For this purpose the hall chimney was more especially used, as at Great Chalfield, although, in the fifteenth century, halls still occur without chimneys, however frequent they may have become in the chambers and withdrawing-rooms. And in all cases they were, even then, a bit of a luxury—a thing a small man might well boast of if he possessed them in fair quantity. The prominence and reiteration, in the 1463 will of John Baret of Bury, of the mention of the "III. tunys (shafts) of chemeneys" in his new house make one think that their erection was the chief event of his life, and their bestowal the chief solace of his death. Indeed, so late as 1570, Harrison, in his "Description of England," looks upon them as rather new-fangled things, pointing to the deterioration of the race. "Now have we many chimneys, yet our tenderlyngs complayn of rheums, catarrhs and poses; then had we nothing but reredoses, and yet our heads never did ache."

By this date the chimney had reached its highest architectural significance. England, under Elizabeth, though borrowing much from Italy, in men, method and material, for its palaces and mansions, had, occasionally for these, and universally for humbler dwellings, a very distinct school of its own; and this school insisted on the chimney as a prominent factor in design. Such recognition that the chimney was a most necessary adjunct to every habitation in Northern latitudes, and should, therefore, be given an æsthetic consideration conformable to its material importance, continued where and when the native style held sway. What little manor, what snug farm of the large, though sadly diminishing, number that remains to us from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but depends for some, at least, of its picturesque charm upon the part the chimney plays? They are everywhere; it is an *embarras des richesses* to pick out examples.

the farm at Middlebrook, which forms such an engaging group. The more we descend in the scale, the smaller the building, the more need is there of such a feature. How adequate are the lines of the cottages that hang on the edge of the Mansell Lacey water-course in Herefordshire. As for Surrey and Sussex, half the admirable sufficiency of their landscapes is due to a well-placed homestead or cot. But remove the chimney of Shophouse Farm



GREET RECTORY.

and the effect is gone. The Binscombe cottage is a haphazard building, with no premeditated effect. But how pleasantly unexpected that effect is, the libertinage of its windows and roofs disciplined by the substance, finish and design of its great "crow-stepped" stack. All these are the unadulterated product of our native instinct, but so also was much of the larger work of this period.

Rous-Lench and Shipton are entirely English in spirit, and in both the chimneys dominate. Even at stately Blickling they vie in importance with the towers, whose place at Condovery they adequately fill. But where, in the more splendid Elizabethan examples, the Italian influence reigns, as it does at Wollaton and Hardwick, the chimneys give us the idea of being no part whatever of the conception—of being after-thoughts put in by the architect with a shrug of the shoulders on his client hinting that the house *must* be warmed; and this tendency grew as time went on. Granting the advantage, the necessity even, of a Northern island folk, naturally staid and unimaginative, frequently dipping into the whirlpool of the South for its ideas and its arts, it is yet somewhat a pity that our leading bygone architects subjected themselves so entirely to masters, great, indeed, but the product of wholly different climatic and domestic conditions. Jones and Wren were so impressed with the Italian work of that age that they aimed often at importing it with the least possible modification into their own country. But in Italian architecture the chimney is generally treated as a negligible quantity, and so, to Jones and Wren and their contemporary following, it was not a welcome element to be made the most of, but an awkward stumbling-block to be circumvented. At Stoneleigh mean chimneys peer

shamefacedly over the roof balustrade; at Chatsworth they succeed in hiding themselves entirely behind it; but where the Northern spirit was allowed to prevail, as at Belton and Kingston Lacy, the ordered array of stately stacks are used to break the line of roof. Greater still was the problem with the architects who later on sought inspiration not from Renascent, but from Classic Italy. I am no "Roman," I admit,



ABCOTT MANOR.

Here are three at random, all in Shropshire. The little manor house of Abcott, now used as a farm, but still retaining panelling and plaster-work, has its timber framing wonderfully steadied and solidified by the strong mass of that great chimney with the unusual "rustication" of the brick patterning on its upper part; the rectory of Greet has the dignity of height given it by the tall shafts with their vertical recesses, and this is still truer of



MANSELL LACEY.

and a shelf of potsherds or the foundations of a villa dug up in a turnip-field are apt to leave me cold. My unmitigated ignorance may cause me to err; but, though I admit that the smoke of the hypocausts must have been got rid of somehow, I live in the belief that the chimney was unknown to Ancient Rome. And, therefore, it was anathema to the brothers Adam. It must be hidden behind pediments otherwise useless. It must pretend it is not there. The flues must wriggle and turn somersaults under the floors, and appear unexpectedly all in a lump, and lead people to suppose they are something else. But a chimney pure and simple, serving its own purpose, standing out publicly as its own unblushing self, could not be allowed—it destroyed the classic unity of the concept.

We have got over that, but we are in danger of falling into a still deeper Slough of Despond. We no longer cling to the style of Ancient Rome, because we do not cling to, we do not desire, we do not recognise the necessity for, any style at all.

"What number of rooms, for swagger, how many cubic feet of air, for hygiene, can you give us for the least cost?" is to-day the mixed cry of the householder and of the Local Government Board. "What is form?—a fetish. What is proportion?—an antiquated formula. What is beauty?—almost a moral precipice. Nine-inch walls if the bricks are hard and refuse to weather; a 30deg. fall in the roof, if the slates be good thin blue, will stand all right, and there is plenty of cheap machine-made ornament which any builder can slap in anywhere in abundant

quantity to give a finish and please the womenkind. An enlightened, a scientific, a progressive age must know better about these things than our fathers." Such is now the beginning and the end of most people's architectural creed. Yet some of us are a bit out of this. We cannot manage to sweep along in the middle of the stream, but linger in the quiet eddies of the still back-waters. Indeed, there are a few who are prepared to use one sitting-room instead of two—or six instead of twelve if such is their social position—and open a window in a low-ceiled bedroom, if the state of their finances can only afford them mere multiplicity and extent at the expense of form, proportion and beauty, such as was natural and instinctive to the mediæval folk, but is left out of the composition of our clever mechanical modern, especially, it would seem, if he aims at making architecture his profession.

How often, even on a dull summer day in the damp West Country, do I draw, gladly and companionably, up to the friendly

hearth. In winter it is the hub round which my existence moves. My work and my pleasure merely draw me away at a tangent that I may gravitate back. So I attach importance to it and to all about it. The ample red-tiled hearth glows with well-rubbed wax. The andirons are a study of hammered iron and shining brass. On them are piled the logs, flaming and crackling in the frenzy of recent ignition, or expiring in a placid glow on their deep bed of never-cooling ash. I raise my satisfied and contented eyes to the pillared and panelled mantelpiece as it rises in



OLD FARMHOUSE AT MIDDLEBROOK.

ordered tiers to the ceiling—rightly and properly the chief architectural feature of the room. And if the chimney is to assert its supremacy within, why is it to be contemptuously dismissed without? Why is my friend, coming to sit and to chat with me on the chilly winter eve, not to see, to realise, as he approaches, the ample bulk, the acknowledged position, the shapely outline limned against the ruddy west of the definite structure which encloses the living and attractive flame towards which he is directing his steps?

Well, perhaps the savage instinct of the fire worshipper, even at this late time, still lingers with me as a throw back, a belated inheritance. But certainly, to anyone not too modern, I recommend the careful study of the old-world chimney from its broad base to its graceful climax. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FEW heroes of fiction have been credited with adventures so various and enthralling as those that belong to the life of "a poor player," Jean Baptiste Poquelin to wit, and in *Molière: A Biography* (Chatto and Windus) Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has a theme that makes a great demand on his knowledge, insight and sympathy. The great French comedian entered life in 1622, when the profession of acting still lay under its ancient ban of obloquy. His father was a man of some position, a respectable upholsterer, whose family dated back to the fourteenth century. From furniture inventories made after his death, and that of his wife, we can picture the respectable bourgeois in his dress of grey serge with gold buttons, dining opposite his wife in a gown of Neapolitan taffeta worn over the finest linen. The housekeeping utensils were of silver and heavy table-plate gilt, and the napery embroidered damask. It may easily be conceived that such an incarnation of respectability had other objects in view for his eldest son than that he should join a troupe of wandering players. He gave the boy as good an education as he could compass, and no doubt hoped to see him carry on the family traditions. But other tastes had germinated in the lad's brain. He idled away his hours in that throng of artisans, students, valets, swashbucklers, grisettes and wenches who gathered at the Pont-Neuf to watch the acrobats and listen to the queer street singers and clowns. Here he learned about the *canvas* or framework, which players by their ready wits shaped into the rough comedies that pleased the populace. Here the Bohemian mind of Molière found something of its taste, and although in the course of his subsequent education his father seems to have kept steadily in view the son's appearance



SHOPHOUSE FARM.

Surely it is not the only time an actress with a past has bewitched a callow youth of twenty.

Whatever may have been Madeleine's career as a girl, she developed during her connection with Molière an amount of prudence and business-like aptitude that must have helped very much to make him what he became. Young Poquelin himself seems to have been aglow with ambitions of his own. He formed a company which he called "The Illustrious Theatre," and drew towards him a number of respectable amateurs with whom he thought to carry the audiences. But it was a failure. The best of the company was no doubt Madeleine herself. Molière in those days was a very bad actor. He had not even learned to speak well, and in curbing the volubility of his speech he acquired the habit of a sort of hiccough which lasted him through life. It ended with his imprisonment for debt, and when through the generosity of his friends he got out of prison there was nothing

for it except for him to become a "barn-stormer." In other words, he and his company travelled the country in an ox-cart, and his playhouse was any vacant grange or tennis court that he had the luck to find. What the life was like may be inferred from the opening paragraph of Scarron's "Le Roman Comique":

Between five and six in the afternoon a van entered the market-place of Le Mans. It was drawn by four lean oxen led by a brood mare, whose colt scampered back and forth about the vehicle like the little fool it was. The bags, trunks and



BINSCOMBE COITAGE.

long rolls of painted cloth which filled the chariot formed a sort of pyramid upon the apex of which sat a young girl whose country garments were relieved by a touch of city finery. A young man, poor in dress, but rich in countenance, tramped beside the van. . . . Upon his shoulder he carried a blunderbuss, which had served to assassinate a number of magpies, jays and crows. These made him a cross-belt, from which a chicken and a gosling, evidently captured in desultory warfare, hung by the legs.

When the company drew to a halt at the end of the day, village urchins used to greet it with jeers, while "village rakes with feathered hats against their breasts besieged the tired actresses, sitting huddled on its pile of baggage, with offers of gallantry and ribald compliment." The following is the biographer's description of the company:

If his company were affluent, it might boast a roll or two of canvas daubed to represent a street or palace; but his scenery was more likely to be merely a pair of travel-stained curtains which rumpled the hair of his tragedy queen as she made her haughty entrance. His lights were only tallow dips stuck by their own grease on a pair of crossed laths; his orchestra, a drum, a trumpet, and a pair of squeaking fiddles; while in costuming and "make-up" he did not attempt historical accuracy; a tawdry toga and a plumed helmet sufficed for the classic heroes of both Greece and Rome; a clown's dress or swashbuckler's cloak for comedy parts. For the buffoon, he whitened his face with flour and pencilled grotesque moustaches on his lips with charcoal; but Nature herself was usually the "make-up artist."

The interesting point of all this is obvious. One has but to consider for a moment what sort of a man Molière was. Probably if the six greatest writers the world has produced were to be enumerated in a list, his would be one of the first names to figure. He was a scholar, a philosopher, a poet; one of the brightest wits of his time or any other time, and those who have felt most deeply themselves, men, for example, like the late Lord Tennyson, were the readiest to recognise that under his gay and valiant comedy there was pathos and tragedy, such as one would have to go to the literature of Greece or of Elizabethan England to equal. Yet the training of this most accomplished writer went on amid the dregs of society, and in scenes that must to most minds have proved sordid and degrading. Huddled together in their barns, or dressed in tawdry finery on the rude tressles that served as a stage, exposed to all the coarse jests and ribaldry of a bucolic audience, the members of the troupe were brought into contact with life in its very lowest shape and form. Besides, Molière was not sustained by any elevating love of the woman whose attractions had led him away from his father's house. Indeed, it is something of a reproach to him that he was not faithful to her. He recognised in her a woman of very considerable talent, but older than himself, and one whose life was lived with a freedom that could not be agreeable to a lover. Contemporary writers say that he was very susceptible to the charms of other actresses who happened to come across his path,

and despite the manful attempts of his biographer at defence, one can easily see that there must have been a considerable amount of truth in this assertion. If we go forward for a number of years, we find that he ultimately married Armande Béjart, who is described as Madeleine's youngest sister, a girl of some twenty years. But rumour had it that this girl was Madeleine's daughter, and Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, with all his learning and ingenuity, is not able to exonerate his hero. If Marie Hervé was the mother of Armande, it must have been when she was forty-eight years of age, which, in itself, is not probable. The subject is a very unpleasant one, and overclouded with obscurity. We cannot help regretting that its discussion figures so largely in so much literature that concerns Molière. After all, he was only a player at a time when players were of little consequence, and, accordingly, there were not preserved concerning him the documents and evidence which would have been considered essential in the life of a man of less genius who happened to follow a more highly esteemed profession. He made many enemies, and very soon after his death the process of vilification began. Unfortunately, there is not adequate material now for trying for libel those who wrote these things about him. What we do know is that Armande Béjart did not prove to be as constant as Madeleine had been. She found her middle-aged lover to be little in sympathy with the volatile spirits of twenty, and conducted herself with a freedom approaching licence that seems to have been characteristic of her family, as it was also of her profession. However, this is anticipating. The greatness of Molière was developed during the time in which his connection with Madeleine persisted. It is one of the most extraordinary occurrences in literary history, this development of the great artist out of the strolling player. His real career may be said to have begun with "Les Précieuses Ridicules." His biographer subjects the various plays to a rigid analysis for the purpose of extracting biographical material from them. In the majority of cases this method is not to be praised. Imagination may be stimulated and fertilised by fact, but it seldom takes it literally. Molière was, however, exceptional in this respect. His recent experiences seemed invariably to overpower every other consideration and feeling belonging to him, and in most of his plays there is a reflection of the circumstances under which they were written and the thoughts to which these circumstances gave rise. Thus Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's method is justified by these results. He scarcely pretends to be critical in any other sense; but, if he had been so, it would have been extremely interesting for him to have compared the wit and humour of Molière with that, say, of Cervantes or Shakespeare. In his best work Molière was essentially French, while Shakespeare was as thoroughly English. The richness of the humour of the latter is sought in vain in the brighter and wittier work of the most celebrated Frenchman of his age.

SHOOTING.

VIRTUES OF THE TWENTY-BORE.

A CORRESPONDENT has been writing to us with regard to some remarks which were published in these pages a little while ago about small-bore as compared generally with twelve-bore guns. There was nothing in those remarks which led to any other conclusion than that to which the experience of most shooters leads them, and which the general practice confirms, namely, that for all-round work the twelve-bore is the best possible calibre of gun. There are all the stock arguments about the larger killing pattern of the twelve (or, if the killing properties of the outside of the circle be disputed, at all events, the larger pattern), the greater ease of obtaining cartridges if you run short and so forth. The contention of our correspondent, however, is the reverse of all this. He says that he began his shooting life with a twenty-bore gun; that he had at one time a pair of twenties, and that with these he used to shoot, taking his part with men armed with twelve-bores, and used to have no shame for his share of the bag at the end of the day. We may go further on his behalf than his modesty will allow him to go for himself, and say that both from the little which we have seen of his shooting in later years and from the more extensive accounts which we have heard about it in his youth and early middle age, it was his habit to be able to reckon much more than the average share of the bag his own in most companies. For all that, he is not one of those whom we would place among the dozen best shots in England, or anything of that kind. If he were, the contention which we are referring to at present would lose much of its point. That contention (his own) is, shortly, that he would have done better work all through his shooting life if he had stuck to the twenty-bore throughout. His reason for giving the twenty-bore up is a little fanciful, perhaps, but it is one which is very apt to have weight with a man of ordinary modesty. He had a feeling,

he says, that it was "such cheek" of him to be shooting with a small bore gun, which everybody assumed without argument to be a much more difficult gun to kill with, while those around him were using guns which made a larger pattern. "It always struck me," he writes, "as if I was going about with a placard on my back to say that I would give any other man twenty in a hundred up at billiards."

So this exaggerated modesty, or self-consciousness, or whatever it is to be called, united, no doubt, to a feeling that he was really perhaps handicapping himself by using a gun which made a smaller pattern, caused him to give up the twenty-bore and take to the ordinary twelve. No doubt the twelve gives a bigger pattern, and probably it gives a slightly bigger killing pattern, but what the writer of this letter contends is that any gain in this respect is more than counterbalanced by the slightly greater difficulty of aiming with the twelve-bore—of course, understanding the word "aiming" in the sense in which a finished shooter with a shot-gun uses it, and not in the monocular sense of the rifleman drawing a steady bead on a motionless object. It is not to be denied that the twenty-bore is a delightfully handy little gun. On account of its lightness, its handiness, even just because it is so small in the grip of the left hand, our correspondent argues that it is far more easy to "move about," so as to have it pointing very quickly at exactly the spot wished, than the more cumbersome twelve-bore. We have to give the twenty-bore, besides, all the credit which belongs to it essentially, such as the lightness of its cartridges, so that even if you are at a greater loss when you run out of them than when you are shooting with a twelve-bore, you are, at the same time, able, with less inconvenience, to make yourself safe from all risk of running short of them, since your magazine and your bags will hold so many more. These are the obvious points on which it is not worth while dwelling.

Of course it is difficult to know the exact measure in which we should amend our lives in any respect if we had to live them over again. Perhaps we should improve upon them less than we suppose. It may be that this experienced shooter would not really have done so much better if he had stuck to his twenty-bores throughout. His conviction, at least, is worth a respectful hearing, and certainly we believe that it is hard to answer his arguments about the merit of the twenty-bore as a gun in the hands of a boy learning to shoot. There are, as he says, no "ragged edges" about the pattern; it is restricted to a certain rather small circle; within that circle you kill the bird, unless you are firing at it at long and wrong ranges, and outside that circle you do not injure it at all. There is much less chance than with the twelve-bore of the thoughtless and inaccurate boy-gunner sending the bird away, winged or otherwise wounded, to a lingering death. It is a case of kill or miss. This makes the boy learn to be exact in his aim. The lightness of the weapon helps the boy to shoot quickly and neatly. If you give him a gun too heavy for him, you teach him to bring up the gun in a labouring fashion, just as by giving him too heavy a cricket bat you teach him to be slow and clumsy with the bat. But whereas some men play best with a light bat, others with a heavy bat, and similarly with regard to golf clubs, billiard cues and what you will, so it is only natural to think that one kind of gun might suit one gunner best and that another might suit another. At all events, a lesson to be learnt from the contentions of our correspondent is that a man would be wise to go on shooting with the gun which appears to suit him, rather than change it out of any fine feeling of modesty or in deference to the remarks of his friends; and this is a conclusion which might be applied to other affairs of life besides the particular business of shooting. These remarks have a more special bearing on the shooting interest of the present moment from the fact that the American sportsmen, who have always been more liberal than we have in the way of using guns of different bores, seem to be inclining rather towards the general adoption of guns of smaller calibre than twelve. Their needs, however, are also rather different from ours. There is less of the set covert shoot with them, and more of the "walk with the gun," a performance in which lightness of the gun and cartridges becomes a great consideration.

THE COCK PARTRIDGE AS NURSE.

IT does not seem as if any of those who have made trial in England of the French system, invented, it is generally said, by the Duc de Montebello, and followed very extensively by M. Ephrussi and others, of rearing partridges in pens, have tuned to much account the excellent qualities of the male partridge as a parent. This is often done on the Continent where a hen bird is, for some reason, not available for the care of artificially incubated young birds or of broods hatched out under barndoor hens. The unpaired cocks are those which are kept for this purpose, and it has the additional advantage of keeping them out of mischief; for there is no doubt at all of the mischief wrought by these quarrelsome bachelors on the domestic welfare of the stock. If the cock be placed in a coop near the young birds for a day or two, he is found to be quite ready to take charge of them when he is liberated with them in the open. In the case of young birds hatched out under a barndoor hen, the plan generally adopted is to place wire-netting round the coop containing the hen, and to place within the same enclosure another coop with the cock partridge. After two or three days the barndoor fowl may be taken away, and the male partridge will assume quite naturally the care of the young brood. As we have said in a previous article, there is not nearly so much necessity for adopting the penning system in this country of comparatively large shooting estates in the hands of single owners, as in some of the Continental countries of numerous small peasant proprietors; but, if the system is to be pursued at all, certainly such devices as this add to the general interest of the pursuit as well as to its efficiency.

ROOKS AND PARTRIDGES' EGGS.

It is no doubt true that the seasons in which rooks and jackdaws (the former, perhaps, more pertinaciously, and with a more scientific method of searching the hedgerows) steal the eggs of partridges are those of the greatest drought; but it is possibly a little open to question whether the inference commonly drawn from this, namely, that it is on account of the lack of other succulent food at these times that the black robbers devote themselves to this nefarious business, is quite an accurate one. It may be a subsidiary cause; yet it is to be remarked that these are just the seasons in which the nests of the partridges are most easily to be seen by them. In a relatively damp season the grass and the rest of the hedgerow herbage grow thickly and high, and so help in the concealment of the nests and eggs; but in a dry year all these screens are far less complete, and thus it may well be that the rooks find the eggs much more readily in such a season, and therefore apply themselves more assiduously to hunting for them.

GROUSE IN WINTER AND SPRING.

By H. B. MACPHERSON.

TO those sportsmen whose acquaintance with the red grouse is confined to the all too brief limits of the shooting season, some account of the habits of the bird at other periods of the year may not be without interest, and the past twelvemonth has afforded rare unique opportunities of observation owing to the severity of the snowstorms which have marked its course. The following notes, compiled originally at the request of the committee now sitting to investigate the causes of grouse disease, are the result of

personal observation, and, as the majority of the moors visited for this purpose are situated from 900ft. above sea-level upwards, the conclusions which I have drawn are not necessarily applicable to preserves where a less rigorous climate prevails. From January, 1906, to the date of writing, barely four months elapsed without heavy falls of snow on the Grampians and Monadhliadh ranges, and a spring of exceptional severity, followed by a wet summer, gave place to a wintry autumn, the progress of which was marked by a succession of blizzards and snowstorms. Under these circumstances we may well marvel that the season of 1906 yielded such excellent sport, and the bags obtained on the Badenoch moors afforded yet another proof of the hardiness of the grouse in these localities. One of the first points to which I directed my attention was the question of migration, and in sifting evidence I found that widely divergent views were held by keepers and proprietors whom I had reason to consider as authorities on the subject. That partial migration within the limits of any given district is common I have known for many years; but it was somewhat of a surprise to learn that in many of the deer-forests situated in the heart of the mountains the whole stock, instead of moving down to the moors below, wintered in their breeding haunts, and, without assistance from man, emerged triumphant from the ordeal. This is notably the case on the south side of the Spey, where the low grounds consist mainly of grouse moors, the high grounds being given up to deer: In the Monadhliadhs, on the contrary, the bulk of the stock gathered on the low grounds, and during the progress of the storms few birds were to be seen on the higher portions of the moors. On reflection the reason is obvious, for the forests in the Grampians are, generally speaking, systematically burnt for the sake of the deer, while in the Monadhliadhs the high grounds are, in most cases, neglected. Hence the partial migration to the low grounds in the last-named range. This conclusion is of interest, as showing the value of young heather, even when a snowstorm prevails; but it is only fair to mention that much of the high ground in the Monadhliadhs is of a broken, mossy description, where burning is difficult. This partial migration, however, though in many cases due to scarcity of food on the high grounds, is partly caused by the nature of the ground. Where hills are steep and deep corries plentiful, birds can find shelter from every wind which blows; but, if the high ground is comparatively flat, the grouse must descend to the lower beats in winter.

In my experience all outbreaks of disease have originated on high grounds, and have spread thence downwards, the birds on the lower beats being previously healthy. Before the outbreak I have noticed that the grouse showed a marked preference for mixed or grassy moorland, congregating on such feeding-grounds in great numbers. Coincident with such outbreaks partial migration, or even wholesale migration in its widest sense, takes place; and to this fact I attach great importance, for it is significant that on several occasions, without heavy snowstorms, a magnificent stock has disappeared from the Badenoch moors leaving few carcasses behind. The disappearance of the stock was attributed to disease. Disease was present, without doubt; but in my opinion the majority of the birds migrated from the district.

Thus migration is more closely associated with grouse disease than many people imagine, but it should be remembered that, the migratory instinct being absent, it is only a last resort, the alternative of which is starvation. Heavy snowstorms with wind sufficient to cause drifting, will never reduce grouse to such distress, and it is the salvation of moors at high elevations that snow seldom falls without wind. Hence the tops of the hills are lightly coated, and the heather is within their reach. It sometimes happens, however, that a heavy fall occurs without wind, and perhaps a foot or more of snow covers the hills with an even coating. That such a storm, if prolonged, will cause migration I have ample proof; and if after a slight thaw frost supervenes, it is obvious that the crust so formed would render it impossible for grouse to find food. Migration due to this cause is not connected in any way with disease, for such birds as remain or return in the spring are the strongest and best of the stock. It would thus appear that migration may occur with and without heavy snow, and its consequences are infinitely more serious in the latter case. Disease seldom follows a hard winter, and hard weather tends to stamp it out by destroying the weakly birds. The clue to its cause, still unknown, lies in the habits of birds at all seasons of the year, and their movements during the winter and spring are thus of interest. The tendency of grouse to congregate on low grounds before an outbreak points to a scarcity of their usual food, and can generally be traced to heather frosted in the spring, failure of the grass and heather seeds, berry crops and other moorland plants. The effects of early severe frosts in the autumn unaccompanied by snow are naturally felt in a greater degree on high than on low grounds, and this fact often accounts for the partial migration to the lower beats which, with the consequent concentration of an enormous stock within a limited area, plays havoc with the health of the birds, and is a predisposing cause of disease. Hard frost with snow on the ground is harmless, for snow protects

vegetation. Grouse do not suffer from lack of water during prolonged snowstorms, apparently quenching their thirst with the snow when springs and burns are closed by the drifts and frost. Hard frost without snow seldom closes the springs, but on badly-watered moors this cause sometimes leads to partial migration.

To what extent migration could be prevented by hand-feeding has not yet been ascertained, but much could probably be done to avert disaster. In very hard weather a few sheaves of corn "stooked" judiciously at intervals would be of value, but the expense of feeding a large stock of birds would be in most cases a great objection.

Severe snowstorms during the spring are infinitely more destructive than those which occur during the winter. In May last year a blizzard raged for three consecutive days, and thousands of eggs were destroyed. On such occasions grouse, provided that incubation has commenced, will sit until their heads alone are visible above the snow. When the drifts cleared,

some were even found dead on their nests below the snow. This, in a measure, accounts for the survival of a large proportion of nests, but in cases where incubation had not commenced the eggs were rendered useless. After grouse have paired they begin to select their future breeding quarters, and a snowstorm in spring, even before eggs have been laid, is prejudicial to high-lying moors. It often happens, however, that these storms do more damage on the lowest beats, especially if young birds are hatched, owing to the fact that incubation commences earlier on the low grounds.

In conclusion, I should like to draw attention to the value of young plantations as shelter for grouse in severe storms; the importance of shelter cannot be over-estimated, and where shelter is deficient much can be done by judicious planting to provide it by artificial means. The difficulties of planting exposed moorland are great; but, provided that these can be overcome, such a step will never be regretted.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.

THE CANNES TOURNAMENT.

AS far as the honour and glory were concerned the professional competition arranged at Cannes by the Grand Duke Michael resolved itself into something very like a "one-man show." Others appear to have done well, but there was one, Arnaud Massey, who did so very much better than all the rest that they appeared to be "nowhere" to his first. No one who has seen much of golf in general, and of Massey's golf in particular, can have failed to realise that he is a wonderfully fine player, and he has done big things in big company before now, but he never has done before quite such a big thing in quite such a big company. I have said that I have seen only two golfers of whom, when you saw them swing from a distance, you could not tell whether they were taking practice swings or actually hitting at a ball. All the rest "hit" when the ball is there, but "swing," flattering themselves into the delusion that they always do it like that, only when the ball is not there. The one of those players was poor Mr. "Teddy" Buckland, so prematurely deceased, and the other is Massey. His swing is the easiest for its effectiveness that can be imagined; he has a beautiful approach stroke, too, with very free supple wrists, and the club taken a long way back from the ball. It is a stroke which seems to pay particularly well on the loose, difficult, tricky lies off which one so often has to approach at Biarritz, where he learned his golf. Besides this, he is a fine

putter, and has a good strong nerve for finishing off a match, or playing up to a good score. With all these qualities it is no wonder that he is a good player, and a man needed to be such to be a winner in a field which contained Taylor, Braid,



THE FERRY TO THE FOURTH TEE AT CANNES.

and the two Vardons, to say nothing of Herd, Sayers, Rowland Jones and others of note. Ray was a good second to Massey, only a stroke behind, on the first day's play at Cannes, and since he and Herd tied for first prize at Hyères, he too has picked up fame, as well as gain, on the Riviera. But then Massey does not seem to have been at Hyères.

To be sure, Massey had a special advantage. It is an advantage which may not strike most people, but it will not fail to be appreciated by the man who has shot pigeons at Monte Carlo or played lawn tennis anywhere along the Riviera. They will all tell you that the bright quality of the light is so different from the modified sunshine of our blessed little island that it is very trying to the eye of the man coming fresh to it. Massey, unlike the Britons, learned his golf in a land where the sun, when it shines, is very brilliant, and he is quite accustomed to and is happy in a glare which distresses the others. In this connection it may be noticed that when a foursome—that is to say, four of very nearly our best professional players—made a campaign to Mexico last winter, they found themselves quite at a loss in the new conditions of loose soil and burning sun, and the locally-developed talent was too much for them "every time." If I remember rightly, of the four who went out, the man who showed himself most skilful in adapting himself to the changed conditions was Rowland Jones, and it is significant



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ON THE NINTH TEE.

that he was with Massey helping him to do brilliant work in the four-ball competition which they won at Cannes. Evidently Jones has a share of that natural genius for the game which enables a man to fit his play to the circumstances. The artificial and machine-made golfer is generally conspicuously lacking in this faculty, and often is a lion on one green only—on all others a lamb, to be led to slaughter. There is one feature about the play at Cannes, as recorded, which is rather striking. It is this—that the gallery, or nearly all of it, followed Massey's match, especially after the first day's play. In part, this might be a tribute to the fact that he was more nearly a native of the country than any of the others. In far larger measure, no doubt, it was a tribute to his great performance. But the humour of the thing is that here were Braid and Vardon playing together, and yet not the centre of attraction. Neither was Taylor nor Herd. It must have been quite a new sensation to those champions and ex-champions to see another man taking their gallery from them, and one may speculate on the frame of mind in which they accepted this, which is, sooner or later, the fate of every man whose achievements have ever been sufficiently high for a gallery to follow him. It is the inevitable fate, but unquestionably not an agreeable one. The lack of public interest which this desertion on the part of the gallery indicates invariably has an ill-effect on the game of him who thus finds himself deserted. When that has passed it may be that he will recognise that a humble lot has its compensations, and that a gallery is not an essential to the playing of good golf; but the first experience is rather like the first drop of cold water from the sponge trickling down the back when one takes a cold tub on a winter morning. But Massey, after this work, will be even stronger than before. That success makes success is more true, perhaps, at golf than in any other walks in life, though true enough in all; and though it is difficult to dispute the claim of Braid, the present champion, to stand first still in the popular favour, it would be not at all surprising if Massey were to start favourite for the open championship next year. It is at least certain that there are only three men whose chance of success, man for man, one would care to back against him.

UP A TREE.

ALTHOUGH Braid is so deservedly a favourite, yet even he found a lie at Cannes which appears to have defeated him. He is wonderfully strong at getting out of the "floral hazards," as they are called, which fringe the course at Walton Heath, but at Cannes his ball went up a tree and stayed



BRAID DRIVING. TAYLOR AND HERD LOOKING ON.

there, and even he did not seem equal to the task of nibbling away tree and all. It must have been a stout piece of timber. As it was, he dropped another ball—presumably the tree was not climbable, and the caddie had not got his ladder in the bag—and they charged him two strokes for doing so, which, in the absence of any special local rule, was quite right. There seems to have been an idea that he might perhaps count the tree as "out-of-bounds," and so only lose one stroke; but if a tree is within the boundaries of the course, it is, as obviously, not "out-of-bounds."

A NEW "NOTION" FOR GOLF CLUB HEADS.

Lord Newton and his brother Major Gilbert Legh seem to have a family genius for reform. While the former has been framing a Bill for reforming the House of Lords, of which he is a member, the latter has been engaged on the no less philanthropic task of reforming golf clubs. The new idea evolved by Major Legh consists in making a club with a steel face backed by wood—the steel only coming up against the wood on impact with the ball. This seems a fair description of it, in general terms. The notion is to get



Underwood and Underwood.

MASSEY PUTTING.

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the resiliency of the steel, with the solid drive of the timber behind it, and it is applied to clubs suitable for all distances, from the brassie shot downwards. Major Legh claims for the clubs that they are far easier than iron ones for the unskilful player to use, because, being round on the sole, they do not stick in the ground, and effect nothing as the iron clubs do if the ground be touched before the ball is reached. They have also the advantage of being so constructed that there is no possibility of "piping" or "socketing" the ball. In making trial of them it has to be admitted that they seem to keep the ball very straight in its flight, and certainly the putter is an extremely well-balanced implement. Probably the putter will be the favourite club of all these novelties. For the others it is claimed that they give increased distance as compared with the iron clubs, but this is a point on which the present writer has not made enough experiment to come to any conclusion worth recording. It is only just to say that those who have played lately with the inventor, report an alarming improvement in his game since he took to playing with these clubs of his own devising.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

"REMEMBER March; remember the Ides of March" is a warning that has often echoed down the long corridor of history and of literature. Like most things that are antique and venerated to-day, the golfer, through the aid of the busy and intelligent greenkeeper, has found a new and pregnant application for the sinister warning of the ancient Roman Calendar. This is the month of joyful hope to the greenkeeper. Now is the season of the year when the fruits of all the laborious patching of the putting greens and the bad lies throughout the course are sure to be gathered with a hearty satisfaction alike to the greenkeeper himself and to the members of the club. The moisture of the months since the turn of the year, the disintegrating frost and subsequent thaw, the spring sowing and the returfing have all been overtaken in due time and under careful supervision, so that when the Ides of March come the garment worn by the old green is in a fair way to be renovated. The winds sometimes come out of the East and the North with a greater strength and a more bitter persistency than conduce to the general comfort of players. But from whichever part of the compass they blow this month, they sweep across the links less heavily burdened with moisture than is the case in the late autumn and early winter. The March winds, indeed, may sometimes bite the cheek unkindly, but withal they have in their composition a regenerating breath to rouse the dull

earth out of its winter stupor. Now, indeed, comes the sweet o' the year, for the increasing dryness of the air, combined with a pleasing warmth of the sun, cause the grass to shoot up quickly. The ugly patches of brown and yellow winter sods lying on putting green and tee, like the chequered squares of a chess-board, are soon engulfed in the universal growth of returning green; and a convenient warm

shower or two are enough to merge the old winter patchwork in the pervading spring-like colour of the whole links.

If Nature, however, is doing a great deal through the virtue of its unaided and mysterious processes to beautify the links everywhere, the present month is perhaps the most exacting of any in the year upon the vigilance of the greenkeeper. It is now that his autumn and winter work are either marred or crowned with complete success. If his winter work has been intelligently contrived and carefully superintended, the Ides of March will soon carry conviction to his mind whether or not he has steered between the Scylla of good and fortunate husbandry or the Charybdis of careless and disastrous handiwork. The soaking rains of the early winter have allowed the colonies of worms burrowing night and day under every putting green and tee to bring up layers of fresh mould and to sweeten and purify the overlying soil by ample aërication. Now is the time for the myriad number of worm-castings to be broken up and brushed lightly among the growing young grass. Even the inveterate enemies of the worm among greenkeepers scarcely venture to decree its doom by extermination until they have profited to some extent by the wholesale process of burrowing and the layer of natural top-dressing left ready for the use of the executioner. Thus when the March winds begin to dry the course the worm-casts, left in irregular piles throughout the winter, especially on the clay and chalky soils, should be distributed evenly over the course by means of a bush harrow. Experience of good greenkeeping always teaches that better results to the turf are produced now, as well as later in the year, by using the light bush harrow, following this up by a liberal use of the roller throughout the course, with a light wooden roller for the putting greens.

These may be elementary truths in the deepening science of greenkeeping, but it is to be feared that those golfers who keep an observant eye on the greenkeeping work of the winter and the spring will come across many instances in which they have not been observed, either through ignorance or carelessness. One often sees the moist and heavy worm-casts at this season of the year rolled by a heavy iron roller into a glistening slab over which one could almost slide. The preliminary process of waiting for a dry day on which to use the light bush harrow to distribute the worm-casts has not been observed; and the inevitable result is that the growth of grass on the course throughout the summer is always poor and unsatisfactory. Take again the need of providing a "turf nursery." All the experts and practical golfers who wrote the chapters in the standard work of the COUNTRY LIFE Library on "Golf Greens and Greenkeeping" were heartily in agreement that such a nursery was indispensable for good greenkeeping. The "turf nursery" is an admittedly valuable benefit in repairing putting greens particularly, but not many greenkeepers have the patience to lay it down and to cultivate it. A turf expert called in the other day to examine some unsatisfactory putting greens on an inland course began by tearing out a small piece of sod and smelling it. He then broke the mould in his fingers; and turning to the greenkeeper he said "You have taken this turf from under trees."

The greenkeeper admitted that this was what he had done. The turf expert said it was the worst position from which to take turf to repair putting greens, and gave the sound advice to the greenkeeper as well as to the officials of the club that the only satisfactory way to patch putting greens is to set aside a "turf nursery" sown with the same kind of grass and to cut the sods wanted out of it. The Ides of March are the time to lay down this turf nursery and to set energetically about its careful tending.

THE GOLFER'S HANDBOOK AND YEAR BOOK.

THIS is the ninth year of the publication of this extremely useful and complete handbook issued by the Golf Agency, 8, North Bridge, Edinburgh, and 173, Fleet Street, E.C. Though the volume extends to 1,000 pages, it is withal handy, and its distribution in clearly-defined sections makes the interesting information with which it is closely packed readily accessible in the event of settling a doubt or clearing up a dispute. The results of the championships and all the principal tournaments in the United Kingdom are concisely set forth, while the records of the American and Colonial competitions of similar standing are concisely tabulated. By no means the least important detail of the volume is the inclusion of the decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee on points of interpretation that have been submitted to them for settlement, and easy reference to this body of golf legislation is carefully covered by a detailed index. This feature of the book should be particularly valuable to secretaries and committees of golf clubs. There is also an American, Colonial and golf manufacturers' directory, and in these days of extended quick communication the telephone number of the golf clubs is added. The trade directory, the list of golf clubs all over the world, and the particulars about amateurs and professionals given in the pages devoted to "Who's Who," together with the golf map showing the geographical distribution of the game throughout the United Kingdom, make the book of indispensable value to all golfers. This year Mr. H. H. Hilton has contributed an article on the "Golfers of the Year," in which he reviews clearly and succinctly the play of the leading professionals and amateurs who last year earned distinction in playing the game.

A NEW GOLF CLUB IN FRANCE.

The game on the Continent is spreading very rapidly, and a wider public interest in its charm and utility seems to have been thoroughly awakened. The latest addition to the golf clubs in France is the eighteen-hole course, without crossing, at Cabourg, twelve miles from Trouville and about fourteen miles from Caen. The golf course at Cabourg, which has been laid out by Mr. N. Lane Jackson, is situated in the centre of beautiful hilly country, and is quite close to the sea. The turf is short, firm and crisp, and of the genuine seaside quality, while the natural undulations of the ground in and around the course are just those variations in the landscape which most please the eye of the golfer. The links are situated in one of the wealthiest and most fashionable parts of France, and in addition to the beautiful chalets which dot the landscape all around, there is a large and well-appointed hotel for the accommodation of visitors. The golf season at Cabourg will follow the usual Continental method of opening at the beginning of July and ending in October. Dominique, the French professional from Deauville, a fine player well known at Pau, has been engaged for the forthcoming season.

THE PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT.

The Parliamentary golfers will this year, on the invitation of the club, visit Rye on May 11th to play the first two rounds of their annual handicap match. It is expected that the entries will be as numerous as they were last year.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ELMS IN KENSINGTON PALACE GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am inclined to agree with Sir Hugh Beevor's letter on this subject, but should be glad to know whose is the experience quoted by the First Commissioner of Works, and where it was acquired. When once an avenue has become gappy through old age or variation in the depth and quality of the soil, it is past the power of man to restore its beauty. The Long Walk at Windsor is a living instance of this. The only thing to be done is to plant a new one. But, if elms are desired—and no tree, except, perhaps, the lime makes a finer avenue—where are we to find the trees? The modern nurseryman cannot or will not produce the same trees that were planted 200 years ago. At least, that is my experience; for, though I have searched the whole country, I do not know a single case of elms or limes planted within the last sixty or seventy years which look as if they would ever compare in height or shape with those of Queen Anne's time. This is, I believe, due to the fact that elms are now always budded or grafted on wych elm stocks, which destroys their true character, and that the limes are of a different type and not sufficiently pruned when young. More than 100 years ago old Boucher, a Scotch nurseryman, who wrote more common-sense about trees than any nurseryman has done since, called attention to this subject, without, apparently, any result. Now, if you want true English elms, you must go to the copses and hedgerows of the Thames and Severn Valleys and find—because you cannot buy them—rooted layers; and when the old ones are all gone, half the pride of our English parks will have vanished with them.—H. J. ELWES.

AN OLD EPITAPH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In connection with the old epitaph, versions of which have been published in COUNTRY LIFE several times during the last two or three months,

I beg to say the following is the inscription on a tombstone in the churchyard at St. Andrew's Church, Burton-on-Stather, North Lincolnshire, Rev. Francis Amcott Jarvis, M.A., vicar:

"In Memory of Thomas Roberts who departed this Life July 10th, 1810 Aged 56 years.
Also of Elizabeth his wife who departed this Life June 14th 1809 Aged 52 years.
'Our Life is but a winter's day
Some only breakfast and away
Others to dinner stay and are full fed
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed
Large is his debt who lingers out the day
But he who goes the soonest has the least to pay.'"

Burton-on-Stather Churchyard is on top of the hill overlooking the river Trent, and from which may be seen, a mile to the right hand, the mouth of the river Trent and the Ouse and the Humber. In the distance can be seen the tall chimneys at Goole, the square tower of Howden Church and, on a clear day, York Minster. To the left, a mile away, in the parish of Burton, is Normanby Hall, the seat of Sir Berkeley Sheffield, M.P., who has been elected this last week Member of Parliament for the Brigg Division. Living in the neighbourhood among us as he does, it has been a glorious victory.—C. B.

COST OF COUNTRY LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of February 23rd your correspondent "G. F. E." says: "A man and boy will not suffice for more than one acre of garden—half under spade and the rest pleasure grounds, with greenhouses." In reply, I had about four acres garden and pleasure grounds—one acre under spade, rest shrubberies—orchard, two tennis lawns, flower-beds, etc., two peach-houses, vinery,

stove, two greenhouses and tomato-house, one and a-half acres orchard, outdoor peach and nectarine wall trees 50yds. long, cherries, plums, pears, etc., trained trees more than 50yds. long. These, with some forty or more large pyramid pear trees, were all managed by a head-gardener and assistant (17s. a week), who had boots and knives to clean. It is all a question of the right man for the place. I have now the same gardener and a youth (12s. a week) where previously two men and the same youth were employed, and with equally good results. Again, "G. F. E." says: "Nor would a good coachman be got who would see to cows and poultry." Well, the latter I feed and manage; but my coachman milked the cows and his wife made butter, and for these extra services they had what milk they wanted and a poundage on butter, and were satisfied. "G. F. E." says the specification would require three men and a boy outside—there is scarcely likely to be more than an acre under spade—and if that be the case £300 per annum would suffice for external upkeep, instead of the £500 as stated by "G. F. E."—EXPERIENCE.

OLD FIELD NAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been greatly interested in the letters on this subject which have lately appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. The names so far given have been from the Southern and Eastern Counties, but in the North we have many quite as remarkable, and whose etymology is often quite as puzzling. The following occur in Northumberland. To some of them I append possible solutions; perhaps some of your readers may be able to suggest better ones. Syke, or leich, a hollow, generally a marshy one. Warsall Latch long puzzled me, but is, I believe, only a corruption of square sail leich, a name given to the field (near the coast) from its supposed resemblance in shape to a sail, which gradually came to be pronounced quar sall, and now warsall. Other fields with similar names are not uncommon, as Main Sail and Long Sheet. Pity Syke is merely peaty bog; and Velvet Close has been supposed to be well wet close, though as to this there may be room for doubt, and it is not being interchangeable in the North as they are in some places, unless it be suggested that a farmer of German descent first gave the field its name. Prashy Syke is probably an euphonism of rushy syke. Yarelaw (and, perhaps, Warelaw), Yarley Knowe, and Yarrell are, I believe, nothing more than guard law, or yard hill, and therefore synonymous with watch law, of which there are so many on both sides of the Border. The same derivation gives us Yearle, Errill and Earl. Lukinarks is a curious name, which, it has been supposed, may be from lucken, in Border Scotch, a bog, and Airig, in Gaelic, a summer pasture. Swettercroft may be simply sweeter; but what of Switcher Down and Alley Strother? A field now rejoicing in the name of Farthing Piece has, I believe, no connection with our smallest common currency, but is the far ane, in reference to its distance from the steading. It has gradually come to be pronounced farden, the common provincialism for the coin, and changed into farthing when the name had to be committed to paper, perhaps by the village schoolmaster, or some other stickler for good English spelling! Goosey Close may have reference to the bird, but may, on the other hand, have the same derivation as Gosforth, which signifies the ford over the Ouse, and hence means oozy close. Acheron Hill is probably only Acorn Hill, in reference to a former oak wood there. Elyhaugh, Elyshaw, and similar names may have been bestowed from eels found about the fields after dewy or wet nights, when these fish are well known to quit the water and make considerable excursions upon land. There is a tradition of "The lang gaunts o' Elishaw" (a hamlet on the banks of the river Rede) which were looked upon as a species of ghouls which, in the form of serpents, roamed over the meadows at night to feast upon the bodies of the slain brought down by the stream from the scene of some border fray.—L. G.



A SCOTCH SHEPHERD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This picture of the shepherd feeding the lamb was taken near Rumbling Bridge. When the lambs are young, the grass scarce and the ewes have not much milk, the shepherd takes a bottle of warm milk in his pocket when he goes his rounds. After being carried about for some time this gets cold, so he warms it by keeping it in his mouth for a minute or two and then lets it run into the lamb's mouth as shown in the photograph. In some parts of Scotland it is a much more common way than that of feeding from a bottle. A few mouthfuls are all that a lamb needs at a time, so the one bottle serves a good number. When the sheep are hand fed and have plenty of milk there is no need to resort to this method; but at the farm where the photograph was taken they had to take their chance of what grass there was—the farmer was not allowed to grow crops of any kind, except hay!—W.

THE "LITTLE PEOPLE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following tale of fairies told to me more than twenty years ago in Ireland may interest your readers: Fishing one day from a boat on Lough Derg I enquired of the boatmen if they had ever seen fairies. At first, fearing to be laughed at, they scouted the idea; but when they realised it was a genuine enquiry, and not an intention to poke fun at them, one of them told the following: On a Sunday he was returning after Mass, and stood with a friend, named Sullivan, on the bridge of Killaloe. Looking towards a potato-field on the slope of the rising ground to the east of the town, a field which he was able to point out from the boat, he saw issuing from the liss a troop of little people, one being distinctly taller than the rest. At first they seemed rather blurred, then took distinct shapes, and began to play the national game of hurley among the bare potato rigs. He called Sullivan's attention to them, but for some time his friend could not see them, then said he could, and they watched the game together for a time. Then the sun went in, and the fairies, moving towards the liss, as if returning to it, vanished. Probably it was a fantasy of misty exhalation from the field, but it shows how strong the belief in the little people is in Ireland. Lisses, which are so common in the fields there, are rough pieces, sometimes hillocks, sometimes depressions, often bushy, but never cultivated. I have been told they are left as doorways for the fairies when visiting the earth's surface.—ALFRED C. E. WELBY.

THE BRAY OF THE ASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your courteous correspondent is a little hard on me when he thinks that "even" I would have known one note of the ass from another. Yes; I have heard an ass bray loudly when thwacked, and that in this town and not more than a month ago. But I do not pretend to be a very close observer of these animals, and I used the illustration only in passing. In future I shall attend as closely to the ass's braying as I have to your correspondent's letter.—F. G. AFLALO.

AN OLD COCK-PIT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Perhaps you might like to reproduce the accompanying photograph. The cock-pit, now an ornamental garden, exemplifying "a new use for an old thing," is, I believe, over 200 years old. The cock-pit has been improved by the addition of the entrance and double stair exit. The latter is surmounted by a fine lich-gate; the centre is occupied by an ornamental fountain. If you wish it, I could furnish you with an authentic report of its history from Mr. Edward Ansell, to whom Moor Hall belongs, and where he now resides.—J. D. WHITTLES.

